

# DUNLOP TYRES *make winter driving safe*

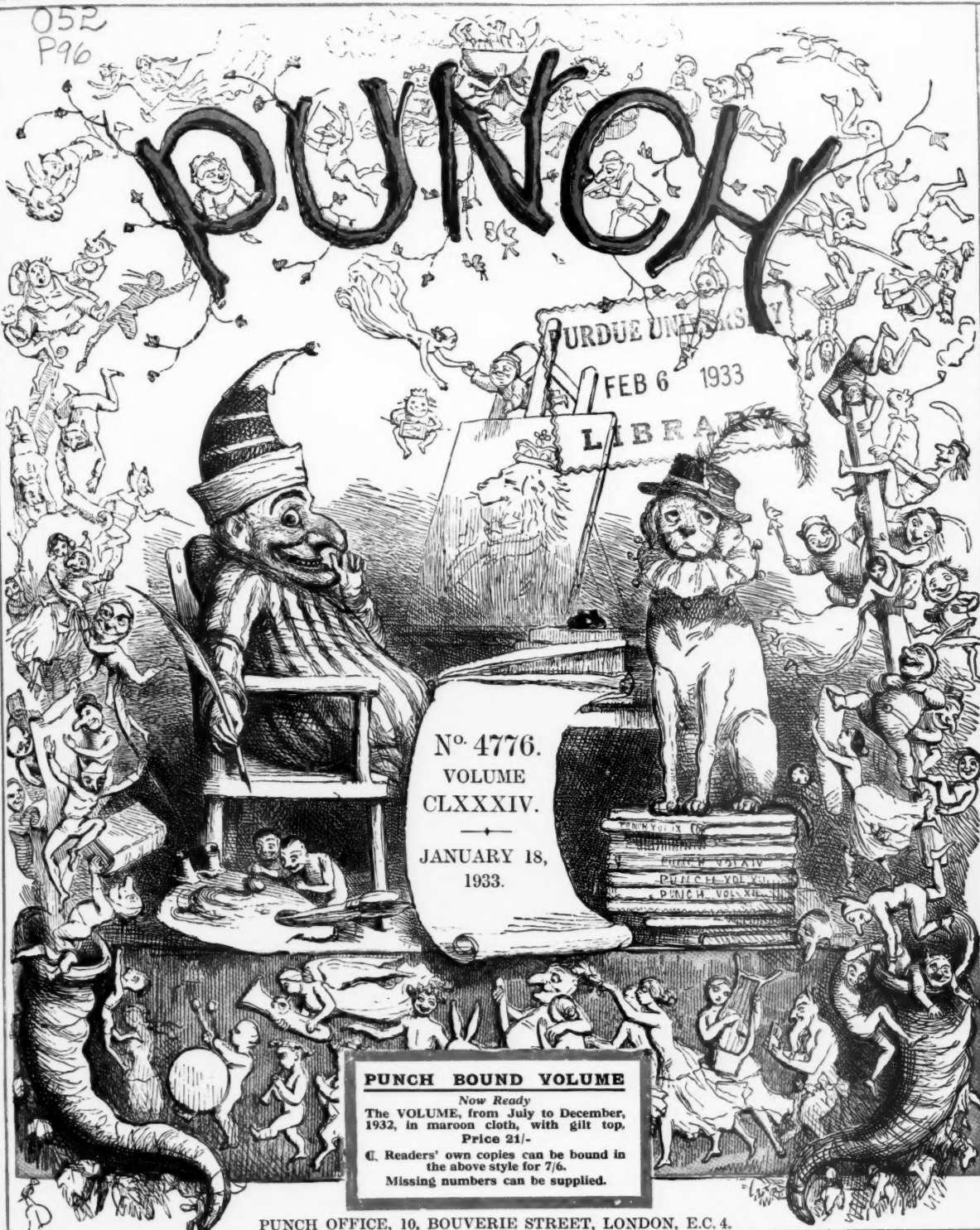
C.F.H.

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PRICE SIXPENCE.

PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY.



Subscription, inclusive of Extra Numbers—Inland Postage, 30/- per annum, 15/- six months; Overseas, 38/- per annum; (Canada, 34/- per annum).

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See it has **TripleX** <sup>Regd</sup> *throughout every* **MORRIS** has!

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## Charivaria.

PERSIA'S navy now consists of six gun-boats, but it is not anticipated that she will risk another Salamis.

A scientist has just discovered that plants grow better if the day is prolonged with artificial light. Further investigations prove that the plant which profits most from this treatment is the electric-light plant.

There seems to have been a falling-off of late in the number of peers who have been raised to the dignity of gossip-writers.

It is said that the theme of a popular song was recently suggested to the composer by his income-tax collector. We suppose it was, "Why Not Take All of Me?"

"Are Women Clubbable?" asks a newspaper. Not, in the drama of Mr. Punch's life, without a lot of fuss from the police.

Mr. G. B. SHAW has been visiting the Luxor Tombs. There is no truth in the rumour, however, that as he emerged from a temple terrified natives mistook him for a resurrected king.

Experts say that tobacco tastes sweeter if buried in the ground to mature. Must we then re-exhume those gift cigars?

A lecturer has traced the history of the hat back three thousand years. We wonder if it would be any use to place the problem of our gold-mounted umbrella in his hands?

"All children should be in bed by eight," remarks a member of the L.C.C. Why not introduce a bye-bye-law to this effect?

"To ensure safety," observes a writer on motoring topics, "pillion-riders should keep perfectly still." The worst of it is that most pillion-riders are flappers.

Mr. E. G. BOULENGER tells us that lobsters and crawfish can become so

tame that they will eat out of the hand. Crabs, of course, will even take tiny morsels out of the foot.

The world's largest talkie-cinema, in New York, is closing down. Evidently its patrons prefer it as a silent house.

A lady recently won first prize at a fancy-dress ball by representing "Miss

A film-actress who lost her pearls had them returned to her in twenty-four hours by the police. She'll just have to try again, that's all.

There is a vigorous campaign against swearing in Verona. So far there has been no attempt to destroy the amenities of Billingsgate.

"Dunlops Active," says a headline. They might so easily be tired.

An American judge recently sentenced an erring husband to spend every evening at home with his wife. We should be thankful that our own judges generally temper justice with mercy.

Mr. JOHN MASEFIELD informed New York reporters that he worked as a pot-boy, not as a bar-tender, in order to earn money while preparing for a literary career. Was this pot-boiling?

A politician complains that people seem to be taking less interest in the Government than ever. Three per cent., to be precise.

The story about GEORGE WASHINGTON and the cherry-tree is said to have originated in Aberdeen. Very few of the stories about Aberdeen have originated with GEORGE WASHINGTON.

Professor PICCARD's prediction that tourists of the future will view the Alps from the stratosphere has caused no panic among Swiss hotel-keepers.

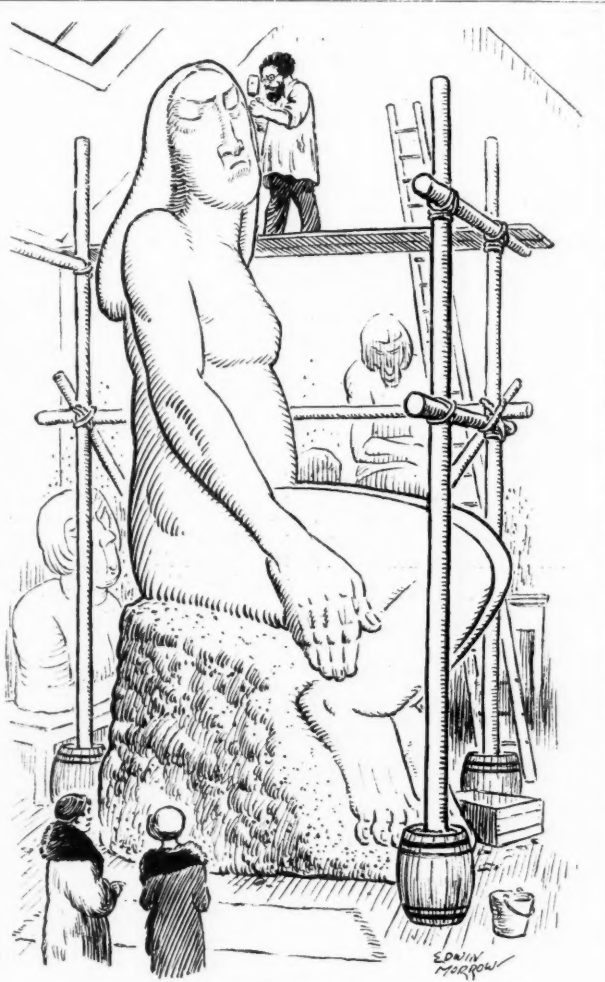
A lecture on "Stars and Their Age" is announced. Much uneasiness is being expressed in theatrical circles.

Tinned tripe is being sold in London, says a weekly paper. The retail price is from ninepence to five-and-ninepence a seat.

## The Triumph of Horse-Power.

"A large transformer at the Central Electricity Board's station is one of many that supplies power to outside stations, and carries about 132,000 colts."

Evening Paper.



"WHAT A LOVELY HOBBY YOUR HUSBAND HAS!"

Flu." It seems to contain the germ of an original idea.

The trial flood-lit soccer-match is reported to have been a great success. The one thing lacking was an electric referee for the crowd to chase.

Among sporting events which have been overshadowed by the Press publicity given to Cup-ties and the M.C.C. team in Australia was the Evesham sprout-picking championship.





### Boswell and the Scottish Nation.

At Mr. Thrale's, the talk being of a proclamation to establish Scotland as a free and independent kingdom, I observed Dr. Johnson with some apprehension, since I was aware of his prejudice against my countrymen. However, he was engaged in diligently consuming the roast mutton to which his host had helped him, and failed to hear the words of a gentleman who declared Scotland to be the home of an enclosed and baffled people, deterred from managing their own concerns.

*Goldsmith.* And pray, Sir, can you name any people not in like case? If you survey the map of Europe you will find no single nation which is governed on free and liberal principles. In Muscovy and Italy, to say truth, the masses are subjected to the whims of tyrants.

*Thrale.* A little more of the brown, Sir?

*Johnson.* Pray, Sir, no more. I have eaten well.

*Thrale (emptying the dish).* Sir, there is a particular congeniality between mutton and October.

*Johnson.* That is true, Sir. There is a correlation or *nexus*, such as the poets find 'twixt April and love.

*Goldsmith.* Few princes remain upon the Continent of Europe. How fortunate, then, are the folk of these blessed isles to enjoy a monarch who, though shorn of his powers, yet illuminates with goodwill all the domestick dealings of his subjects!

*Johnson.* Pray, Sir, what is your topik?

*Goldsmith.* We speak, Sir, of the probable secession of Scotland from the United Kingdom.

*Johnson.* Come, Sir, nobody would have conjectured your subject from your discussion. Goldy (*here addressing the company*) is like the chafferer of knives at a country fair. He will tell you pretty stories and cite romantick instances for a quarter-of-an-hour, but in the end, depend upon it, he will sell you his knife. And the knife will possess neither edge nor point.

I was, I confess, delighted to witness the delivery of this powerful stroke to Dr. Goldsmith, for, much as I admire certain of that eminent author's works, I condemn the levity with which he treats of serious affairs.

*Boswell.* Now, Sir, that dinner is over we may solicit your opinion.

*Thrale.* A portion of the remove, Sir?

*Johnson.* Nay, Sir. The rest of your company desire to broach the Madeira which they see to be lying in the fender.

*Thrale.* Then, Sir, they must precede me to the wine.

*Garrick.* In brief, Sir, the Scotchmen profess that they are governed by foreigners. They aim at becoming a nation, ruled by some Bonnie Prince Charlie. Ha! that wounds you, Sir.

And here I regret to record that Mr. Garrick gave a grotesque imitation of a stout man staggering from a mortal blow.

*Johnson.* When, Sir, your pantomime is ended I shall be happy to pronounce upon the topik.

*Goldsmith.* Gentlemen, silence, I beg of you. The Oracle is about to speak.

*Johnson.* I can only suppose, Sir, since you are not yet come to the wine that your conduct arises from an unevl volatility of nature. And indeed, when you are surrounded by antick Scotchmen (*looking severely at me*) I conceive you may readily become infected with a similar phantastical affliction. Depend upon it, this talk is but so much *babble*. While we have Scotchmen in our Courts of Law and at our Privy Council ordering the fate of the rich lands of England, will they forgo all this in order to administer the barren fields and granite mountains of Caledonia? Will the ticks leave the fat sheep which support them in order to prey upon their fellow-ticks?

I could see that Dr. Monboddie, who was present, was uneasy at this slur upon the fair name of Scotia. Fearing a dispute, I resolved to bring upon my own shoulders such verbal punishment as the great lexicographer thought fit to inflict.

*Boswell.* Sir, Scotland's noble sons cannot endure the foot of even the gentlest tyrant.

*Beauleclerk.* Have a care; the Great Man will tread upon you.

*Boswell.* Sir, this comparison to vermin must fire the blood of the ancient clans. I beg you to withdraw this condemnation.

*Johnson.* So be it, Sir. I was in error. I have read much of the intelligence of insects, but not even Custance reports that they were ever so foolish as to subsist upon oats. I have eaten good enough barley bread, and the Eastern peoples are nourished by rice and millet because they are ignorant of wheat. But the Scotchmen actually devour oats from *choice*. That, Sir, is authentick; I have witnessed it with my own eyes. Ha, Ha! They rob their horses of their food so that the poor beasts cannot bear them and they are forced to walk afoot. What a government they would form (*laughing and rocking with mirth*)—a government of lairds and gillies, of crofters and distillers. They would legislate upon the price of oats!

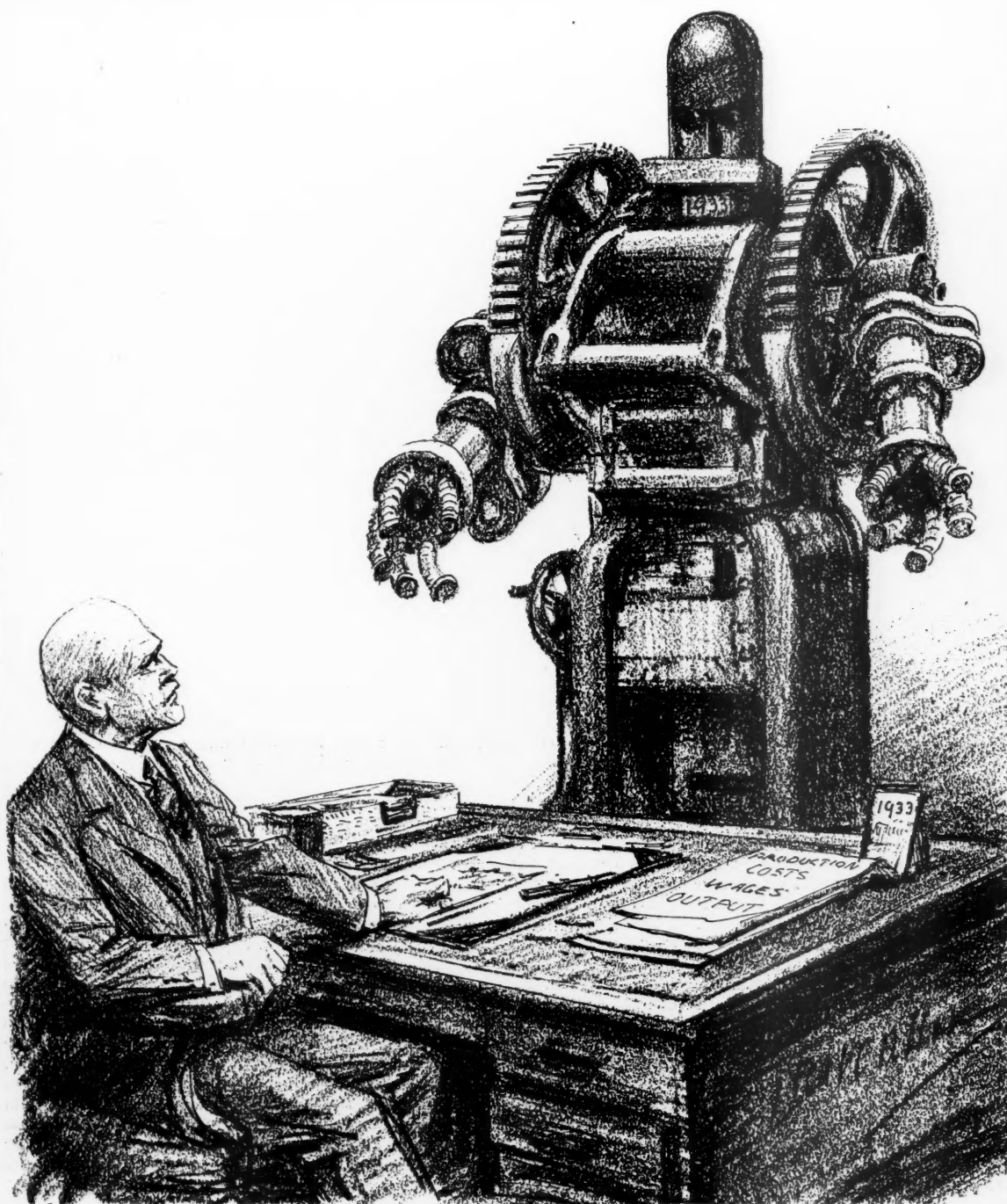
My learned friend was clearly in one of his lively and jocular moods. It was manifest that we were not to secure that evening any guidance from the eminent moralist. The bare idea of the Kingdom of Scotland appeared to fill him with uncontrollable hilarity.

*Johnson.* They will have a prince too. The Laird of Herm will be enthroned in draughty Edinburgh Castle, with the Laird of Auchinleck for his High Chamberlain. They will learn the Gaelick and harangue the shepherds. As it is, we cannot understand the Scotchmen when they speak, though we can read well enough what folly they set down in writing. But henceforth we shall communicate with our fingers, like the dumb and deaf. Was anything ever so phantastick? The Scotchmen will leave our banks, our playhouses, our taverns and our houses of commerce to repatriate themselves at *their own charges*. The northward-bound coaches will be overflowing rather than the southward. The whole order of nature will be reversed. Let us hope that they take back with them some of the English civility. They will have learnt from our host how to brew an ale which shall wean them away from their coarse native spirit. Will they not, Mr. Thrale? How say you?

But Thrale, suffering from a pain in the belly, had been borne away by four manservants.

... it is not the rich or elaborate confections that disappear during the fireside months of the year, but the simple, easy-to-make cakes, scones, muffins and buns, many of which date back for generations, but which can still come as a surprise to guests at a modern tea-party."—*Daily Paper*.  
Especially when they try to bite them.





### THE SAVING OF LABOUR.

THE ROBOT. "MASTER, I CAN DO THE WORK OF FIFTY MEN."

EMPLOYER. "YES, I KNOW THAT, BUT WHO IS TO SUPPORT THE FIFTY MEN?"



"DORIS, CAN'T YOU FEEL THAT RAMON MARVELLO'S PICTURE IS JUST COMING ON?"

### Letter to Columbus.

#### The "Burden."

DEAR OLD AMERICAN COUSIN,—I am always hearing about the fellow in Columbus, Ohio, or somewhere, who doesn't understand Europe and doesn't really mind. It seems that away out there in the Middle-West there is actually a race of men which does *not* read the *London Times*, so they don't understand England and France, and world-peace and everything is continually being postponed in consequence. So I thought the quickest thing would be for me to write you a little letter now and then and tell you about things. Because, between you and me, you might just as well read me as *The Times*. They know as much but daren't say it.

Mind you, I'm not quite convinced about the abysmal ignorance of the Middle-West. When certain subjects arise the Middle-West seems to have quite a grasp of world-affairs. Indeed, when we get a real good lecture from your great country about Ireland, or India, or armaments, or European bickers or anything it generally proceeds from one of the genial Senators of the Middle-West. Personally I welcome these lectures. If we can't have plain speaking between cousins, when can we? We can't hope ever to under-

stand each other's minds unless we say what we think. And one can't scotch a fallacy until it comes into the open. Isn't it odd? If there's one thing the English-speaking world prides itself upon it's the right of free speech; yet the moment anyone does speak freely there's a riot! Fire away, then, dear cousin—tell us more.

But I'd like you to get a few things straight first. Out there in peaceful Ohio, I gather, our European "armaments" worry you a good deal. You don't see why people should ask to be let off War-debts while they seem to be spending a lot of money on the next war. Quite a good point. And the rest of Europe, as far as I am concerned, can find their own answer to it.

But what about *us*, dear cousin—virtuous *us*? Do you know what we spend on the three Defence—or, if you like, Fighting—Services? Just about £100,000,000—including £17,000,000 for pensions. On the Navy, about £50,000,000 (including pensions). Out of a total annual expenditure of £800,000,000—one-eighth. The Navy is one-sixteenth.

Well, really, you know, that's not so very severe a "burden" considering the size of our dear old Empire. Looking at *Whitaker's Almanack* (I'll send you a *Whitaker*), I see that there are 450,000,000 people in the Empire. And it covers 13,000,000 square miles

(only 120,000,000 people in the United States, and only a paltry 3,000,000 square miles; but how much do *you* spend on armaments, my dear?). Five shillings out of every pound we earn, that's a quarter, is taken from us in income-tax; and we begrudge a lot of it most bitterly. But out of that only threepence-halfpenny is spent on the Navy; and, do you know, I don't begrudge that a bit! For that threepence-halfpenny I get some real visible value, which is more than I can say of most of the rest of it. Yet nobody who met me during the late war could call me a war-monger. If there was never a real war again our Navy (and yours) would still be necessary. Cut them out and see how soon slavery, piracy, smuggling, felonious fishing and other little things will start again. And then there are such trifling incidents as revolutions, earthquakes, hurricanes, tidal waves, shipwrecks, plagues and massacres in which I seem to remember that navies have played a fairly useful part. One might as well say that because there is no riot proceeding we are wasting our money on the police. All this is elementary, no doubt, but you might just as well mention it to your Senator.

No, dear cousin, if your Senator is going to look into our Budget—as he is perfectly entitled to do—I hope he'll put his finger on some other item. It isn't the Fighting Services that "bur-

den" us so much as the Civil Services.

Look at them—

£320,000,000 (about).

Look again—

£320,000,000 per annum.

There goes two out of our five shillings!

(The Navy, you may remember, accounted for 3½d.—and the three Services together about 7d.)

Then there's the National Debt—

£300,000,000.

Not to mention the Sinking Fund—

£60,000,000.

Another 2s. 3d. gone west. And that, dear cousin (with a few odd items) concludes our five shillings.

Why, our jolly little Sinking Fund costs more than the entire British Navy!

So next time you hear your Senator say that Great Britain deserves no sympathy because, like the rest of Europe, she is foolishly labouring under the burden of armaments, speak up, dear cousin, and pop these figures in front of him:—

1930-31	
National Debt	£359,000,000
Sinking Fund	
Civil Services	319,000,000
Navy	43,000,000
Army	32,000,000
Air Force	17,000,000
Service Pensions	17,000,000
Tax Collection	12,000,000
Northern Ireland	6,000,000
Other Consolidated Fund Services	3,000,000

You will observe, dear cousin, that we spend £12,000,000 per annum on *collecting taxes*—nearly as much as we spend on the Air Force; though I understand that the next war will be conducted entirely in the air.

The total number of officers and men in the British fighting forces, dear cousin (exclusive of the soldiers serving in India), is 275,000. Our population is 44,000,000—which gives one defender to 167 civilians.

The total number of chaps in the Navy is 94,000—which gives one sailor to every 138 square miles of the British Empire (and, mind you, nearly all the Empire is in different places).

Is this really a frightful lot?

(I observe that in 1929 the chaps in the United States Navy numbered 114,000, or one sailor to every twenty-six square miles of the United States—which is all in the same place.)

If you divide all the chaps in our fighting forces into the total expenditure on defence you will find (at least I did) that the cost works out at under £400 a head. But that is what we pay our Members of Parliament, so your Senator can hardly say that we are over-feeding the troops.

There are more people in Akron,



"YOU'RE SURE THE 2.15 WILL STOP LONG ENOUGH FOR AUNTIE TO GET IN?"

Ohio, than there are in the whole of the British Army.

If all the troops in the British Army are six feet long, and if you laid them end to end along the coast from London to Edinburgh, they would only reach as far as Hull. So that will show you.

But all this arithmetic is tiring me, and possibly a lot of it is wrong, so I must cease.

I was going to give you a few details of the expenditure under "Civil Services" for the Senator. But you must take it for the present that all that expenditure is highly desirable and quite unavoidable. The same applies to the National Debt. But these two items, as I think I have remarked, amount together to seventeen-twentieths of our whole expenditure; and if your Senator can suggest any way of lightening that "burden" we shall be glad.

You see, we have queer ways. If one disbanded the Navy, Army and Air Force to-morrow we should save £30,000,000 on pay and wages. But probably in the end, rightly or wrongly, we should spend more than that on pensions, doles, medical treatment (owing to deterioration in health), free education and other little things.

The present bunch of pensions and retired pay charges would remain (about £20,000,000). So we might save about £50,000,000 (unless anyone gave us a good price for our ships and guns); and really I don't know that it would be worth it.

I see that the sum we estimated to spend on "Naval Armaments" this year was £3,000,000. But we spend four times as much as that on collecting taxes. So long, dear Cousin,

A. P. H.





"IT WAS WHAT I CALL CLASSIC MUSIC, IF YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN—NOT JAZZ."

### The Guide to Conversation.

NOTHING is more frightful than Family Conversation.

But perhaps this is not a very good way of beginning. Too drastic and subversive, and the elder generation, who are perhaps thinking of paying for the students' conversation course, may not care about it. We will begin all over again.

There are few things then, dear reader, requiring greater skill, greater intelligence and more good feeling than the conducting of one of those happy fireside chats that so often serve to make the home circle what it all too undoubtedly is.

Families, of course, vary, though their conversations very seldom do. Our best plan will be to take a typical family group and point out in a cheerful but at the same time unsparing spirit the exact difficulties that lie in wait for each member of it.

But before doing that we have a few general observations to make. These

apply to every member of the family, from Grandpapa down to Baby.

A family gathering, like a Women's Institute meeting, will do well to avoid controversial topics. But whereas in the Women's Institute these are only supposed to include questions of ethical and party-political significance, in the home circle they will be found to cover the most terrific area. For instance, the proper way to bring up children—a life-work that is never viewed in the same light by any two generations—the relative merits of the Bolton Harlequins and the Harlesden Bolters; the Only Certain Cure for a cold in the head; the mistake dear Henry made when he married Helen; the mistake dear Helen made in accepting Henry; that absolutely splendid entertainment now proceeding from the B.B.C.; this infernal din the wireless is making, and so on. Millions of similar pitfalls will at once occur to everyone, and it will be far better if they can only occur now, instead of later on, when it will be too late.

But we have this moment remem-

bered a point that should have been raised much earlier: there are two schools of thought in practically every family group, one of which holds that listening to the wireless and/or reading the newspaper should take precedence over the pleasures of conversation; whilst the other is convinced that it is not only permissible but actually preferable to talk through all and any other activities.

Taking it by and large, Father is always the leader of the first school, with Grandpapa and Uncle John good seconds. Mother, we are sorry to say, is apt to run with the hare and hunt with the hounds; but then mothers are obliged to do this a good deal in almost every issue of daily life, owing to the difficulty of keeping Father in a good temper and at the same time seeing that the children enjoy their holidays and that the servants do any amount of extra work without, if possible, realising it.

In the second school Aunt Madge leads easily. She may be—and indeed almost always is—devoted to good

music (and very likely to bad music as well), and she likes a bright talk about Gardening or Cooking or the Beauties of the Countryside or the Functions of the Liver, as well as anybody. In the same way she is an ardent student of the Press, and yields to no one in her keen appreciation of the Court Circular, What Paris is Wearing Now, Noted Clubman Found Dead in Suburban Beauty-Parlour, and How to Toss-up a Chafing-dish Supper from the Breakfast Bread-Crumbs by "Rosemary" in the Woman's Column. But none of all this will prevent Aunt Madge from feeling that anything in the world is worth saying, and saying at once, and probably saying several times over. We are not commenting on this conviction of Aunt Madge's; we are just recording it, and there are few, we venture to wager, who will fail to recognise it.

Grandmamma, although on the whole she may be said to favour the Aunt-Madge faction, is at all times rather an uncertain quantity. There are evenings when nothing whatever seems to stop her, and other evenings, again, when nothing whatever can be got out of her. Each of these extremes of conduct has its disadvantages.

It is not necessary for our present purpose to dwell upon the part played in family conversation by the dog, the cat, the parrot or the canary. Some of us may have wondered from time to time how and why these endearing little creatures ever came to be known as Our Dumb Friends—but anyway the two former can always be put outside and the two latter covered up in green baize, so that disposes of them.

And now what about the student's part in all this? We will suppose that the happy, homely scene is set round the Yule-log—or gas-fire as the case may be—and that the buzz of merry voices is in full swing:—

*Uncle John.* Give me a disease, somebody, in eight letters, with A in the second place.

*Mother.* Don't kick the table, darling.

*Aunt Madge.* Appendicitis; how would that do? Just think—they're wearing coloured wigs to go with their dresses, it says here!

*Grandmamma* (suddenly and lugubriously).

Does anyone ever hear anything of poor *James* nowadays?

*Mother.* Darling, don't kick the table.

*Father.* It ought to be The News by now.

*Aunt Madge.* Not till nine. Your watch must be wrong.

(At this point family conversation always becomes far too general to be followed at all; and anyway, nothing would be gained if we did follow it, except an impression that every watch or clock in the house is telling a different time, but that no one of them has ever been known to be

(This question is merely rhetorical, as it neither expects nor receives an answer.)

*Grandpapa.* As for *James*, I should say he'd pretty well done for himself. That's what I should say.

*Grandmamma.* *James* would have been quite different if he'd had a different wife. I always have said so, and I always shall say so.

*Uncle John* (suddenly and strongly). JAUNDICE!

The student, quite obviously, can join in this conversation practically anywhere and with anything. Why not, for instance, suddenly ask for a word meaning Zinziberaceous, or just drop a detached statement to the effect that old Cousin Esther at Woodford Green says they've put on a new bus? Anything like that, or unlike it for that matter.

Family conversation is not academic.

Next time we may give you one that is. You will then see the difference. E. M. D.

### The Glass Ship.

I SEE it daily as I pass—  
A tiny ship of sparkling glass  
Within a delicate crystal case,  
Riding the waves with shining grace;  
Spars, masts and rigging all complete,  
Most exquisitely fine and neat.  
The little ship is small and dim  
And overflowing to the brim,  
And in the dingy window space  
A hundred huddled things find place:  
Odd cups and saucers, pinchbeck rings,

A violin bereft of strings,  
A gaunt, dejected feather fan,  
Discoloured ivories from Japan,  
A tattered shawl that once was gay,  
Chessmen with pieces broken away,  
Pale samplers, mildew-spotted prints  
And crumpled piles of faded chintz.

But bright among this drab array  
The little ship pursues its way  
Upon some fairy mission bent—  
Some secret far accomplishment.  
And children stop and point and stare  
To see a thing so frail and fair,  
Then turn away with envious eyes  
Where yet some dreaming hope may rise  
Of finding in the puddled street  
A tiny glittering crystal fleet. R. F.



"OH, BOTHER IT! THAT'LL BE THE 9.30 BUS I'VE MISSED!"

either too fast or too slow, or anything but a Perfect Time-keeper.)

*Uncle John.* Sciatica might do it—but the A is wrong.

*Aunt Madge.* Do try appendicitis, dear. Or what about scarlatina? That's got an A.

*A Voice from the Ether.* . . . Boy Rabbit and his Band will now give you that very popular number, "The Moon Has Pulled Her Socks Up."

*Susan*  
*Michael* } Oh, good!  
*David*

*Father.* Turn the dam thing off, somebody.

*Mother.* Michael, how many times has mother told you to stop kicking that table?



"OF COURSE YOU KEEP A COPY OF EVERY BOOK YOU PUBLISH?"  
 "IN SOME CASES, THOUSANDS."

### No Complaints.

THE French are an extremely logical race; at any rate they know how to deal with people like Gilbey. And Gilbey is not easy to deal with, even in England; when I was rash enough to take him across to France I did so with the gloomiest forebodings. Most of them were justified.

When we entered the restaurant-car on the Paris train Gilbey was still comparatively sunny. He sat down and opened his egg optimistically.

There are two ways of opening an egg on a French restaurant-car. One way is to open it warily, thus avoiding being half-drowned by its practically raw contents; the other is to open it light-heartedly, with true Gallic *joie-de-vivre*.

The French themselves, soured by long experience of French eggs, always adopt the first method; the second they leave to people like Gilbey.

A squelching sound superimposed itself upon the noises natural to a French train, and Gilbey dabbed bitterly at his waistcoat with a paper serviette.

"Call this an *œuf*?" he said.

I looked at it and obliged him. As far as I could see, it was definitely an *œuf*.

"Well, I don't," said Gilbey wrathfully; "it's raw!"

"That doesn't prevent it from being an *œuf*," I pointed out reasonably.

"It prevents it from being an *eatable œuf*," rejoined Gilbey. "No one could eat an *œuf* like that."

I indicated a neighbouring Frenchman who was assimilating an exactly similar *œuf* like a perfect little (French) gentleman—an operation reminiscent of a suction-pump emptying a choked drain.

"If you think I'm going to do that——!" said Gilbey indignantly. "Isn't there any way of complaining in this country?"

The French are, as I say, a very logical people, and realising the deficiencies of their railway system in general and their restaurant-cars in particular they are careful to provide facilities for complaints. I pointed out to Gilbey the little box attached to the side of the car.

His face brightened the moment he saw it. Gilbey is like that. I regret to have to chronicle such a thing about a friend, but Gilbey is the kind of man who drives club secretaries to drink.

"Ah!" he said; "that's better. Have you any paper?"

I gave him a couple of sheets of foolscap and he carefully tore it into a number of small pieces.

"I expect from the look of things that I shall have to make a good many complaints before we reach Paris," he observed, "and I might as well begin now."

He did. On the first piece of paper he wrote: "*Mon œuf n'était pas fait du tout!*" and signed it with a flourish.



"There!" he said. "That ought to make them sit up. In their own language too."

I had my doubts about both statements, but it is always best to let Gilbey have his head. Rising from his seat, he walked majestically along the gangway of the restaurant-car, placed the slip of paper in the complaints box and returned looking like WELLINGTON after Waterloo.

There are various different ways of making coffee, and, according to Gilbey, the people on that restaurant-car didn't know any of them. He took one sip from his cup and looked at me grimly.

"Don't ask me if I call it coffee," I said hurriedly.

"I don't care what *you* call it," he said; "I call it badly-distilled mud. Where's my pen?"

"*Le café est comme la boue mal distillée*," he wrote.

"I'm not sure about the genders," he admitted as he handed me the slip of paper, "but I've no doubt they'll understand all right." And once more he made a dignified progress along the restaurant-car to the complaints box.

It was a restless breakfast, at least as far as Gilbey was concerned. The service, the crockery, the cutlery, the food—even the scenery were far from coming up to his fastidious requirements, and at intervals of a few minutes he addressed further stinging observations to the French railway authorities. He didn't get much breakfast but he got a good deal of exercise.

"Paris, Messieurs! Paris!"

"Well, here we are," I said as the train slid into the Gare du Nord; "come along."

Gilbey looked up and frowned. "Do you mean to say they don't give us any more notice than *that*?" he said indignantly. "Where's my pen? It's disgraceful!"

I rose with a sigh and left Gilbey to the task of formulating his last complaint. At the end of the car I climbed

down on to what, in France, does duty for a platform and stood looking round for a porter.

Then it was that I saw a little piece of white paper come fluttering out through a slit in the side of the restaurant-car and go whirling away on the breeze. On it as it passed I recognized Gilbey's handwriting. I thought of the line from Calais, littered with the slips which Gilbey had trustingly committed to the complaints box, and I smiled.

The French are a logical people. They recognise the right of passengers on their trains to make complaints, but they do not see why they themselves should be bothered with them.

At any rate they have definitely solved the problem of how to deal with people like Gilbey.

L. DU G.

### The Crowning Glory.

(It is now possible to take a course in marriage in an American university.)

THOUGH wisely they've proceeded

Who planned this course, I feel

One further thing is needed

To heighten its appeal;

Its worth it will disparage

And make its teaching vain

If Bachelors of Marriage

As spinsters should remain.

Her graduates will later

Condemn this fatal flaw

Which gives their alma mater

No filii-in-law,

Whereas it would be splendid

And set young hearts athrob

If when the course was ended

She guaranteed a job.



"IS THIS YOUR TREE THAT'S BLOWN DOWN?"

"I'M AFRAID IT IS."

"THEN YOU'D BETTER GET IT CLEARED; MOTORISTS CAN'T SEE THE 'NO PARKING' SIGN."

### Sketch of a Career.

To the Editor of "Punch."

DEAR SIR,—With reference to the correspondence in your columns concerning the respective merits of Marriage and a Career—if it is not now proceeding it impends, it impends—I should like to draw the attention of your readers to a remarkable story for which nobody, so far as I know, will vouch.

The circus inspires in every child ambitions impossible to gratify. Here and there, in the happy company of children and grown-ups as they stumble away from the tent, tripping gaily, and frequently falling, across the building lots—here and there, I say, you may discern a young Ethelbert wallowing in the imagined joys of a lion-tamer's existence: a young Rosalind whose hopes, fired by the sight of the Fat Lady's menu, are centred on amplitude of person: or a young Ormond who merely wishes to be the man who lights the flares.

The years roll on and these thoughts are forgotten. But occasionally an ambition formed thus early will, after determining the life of the child who nourishes it, burst finally into the pure and steady flame of what may be laughingly referred to as fulfilment.

Of this kind was the ambition of little Alice, who determined at the relatively uncooked age of six to become a Bearded Lady.

Her father, a knuckle-duster well-known and respected in his profession (three years running he was chosen to perform the arduous duty of standing on a motor-lorry and dusting, throughout the progress of the Lord Mayor's Show, a perpetually cobwebbed knuckle three feet high), evinced much dismay when he heard of this, for he had set his heart on Alice's becoming a pianist.

"Wretched child!" he cried; "this is your reply to all I have done for you; this is your recompense for the time, the trouble, the—ahem—money I have spent in starting you on the long Czerny to piano proficiency!"

"Father," said Alice, "I cannot tell a lie—it is."

Later he was the first to admit his mistake; as he could not very well help

being, for he was the only person who had made it. But before this there was for many years a bitter struggle between father and daughter for the ascendancy; and, although it was not without pride that he would display his scars—she did them with her little hatchet—the whole neighbourhood was glad when he acknowledged defeat and Alice went for tuition, at the age of thirteen, to a bearded lady resident in the district.

circus, a tall sinister man, who, defying the instructions of the punctilious old lady he called his Grammar, ended his sentence with a proposition.

Without hesitation Alice accepted it; and this proved to be not so much the turning-point as the end of her career. In the audience at her performance, if either can be called that, was an imminent author named Stung, of Irish extraction. Enraptured by what he rashly, but rightly, judged to be her beauty, he took her out to lunch and afterwards persuaded her to undergo a shave.... The work of years was undone in a moment, but Alice counted her beard well lost for love.\* Knowing itself unwanted, it never appeared again.

To-day the pair are very happy. As for the career of a Bearded Lady, Alice has more than once expressed a desire to see written in Goudy Heavy letters of fire across the horizon the legend: "It's Got No Future."

Comment is, as usual, superfluous.

I have the honour to remain, Sir,

Your obedient Servant,  
ASTONISHED.

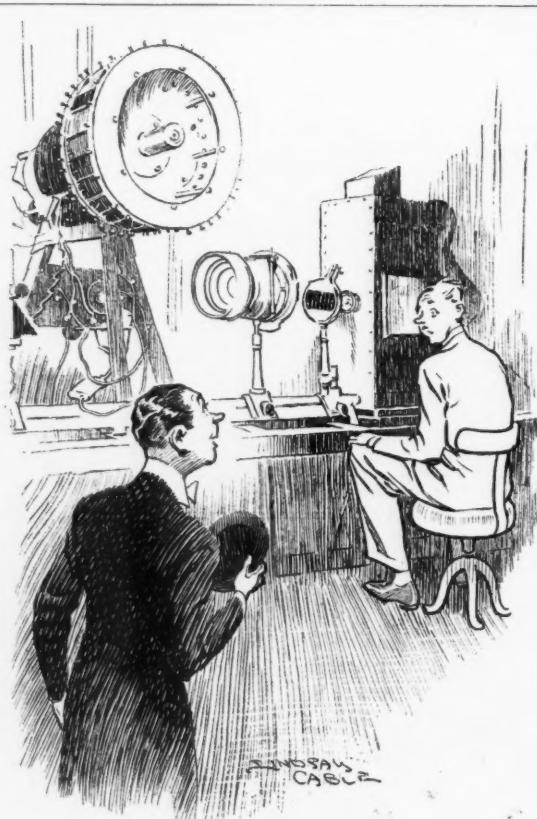
### A National Loss.

Now that talk of repealing the unrepeatable is in the air across the salt estranging Atlantic, could we not consider similar possibilities on this side of that ocean? There is an old privilege which most of my readers will remember enjoying, but which, for some reason that I cannot recall, was taken from us, and which I for one would love to enjoy again.

I am not thinking again of the lost safety of the roads. Nor am I making yet one more attack on the powers of that lady who is unlikely ever to give her name to the signboard of an inn—"The Dora's Arms." I have in mind an ancient lenitive of existence that is not for a moment comparable to the sensual gratification of getting a drink at whatever time of day one wants it, although I am in favour of that too. My regret is for a more intellectual deprivation.

Can no one guess what old custom I am wishing to see reinstated? I ask

\* She had fallen in this.



Amateur Scientist. "SORRY I CAN'T JOIN YOU, OLD MAN, MY WIFE HAS GONE TO HER MOTHER'S, AND I PROMISED TO SIT AT THIS TELEVISION TRANSMITTER EVERY NIGHT UNTIL SHE RETURNS."

This remarkable woman had retired from active work and, purely as a favour (for, "Dash my whiskers!" as she would observe, "I'm provided for, I am"), spent her mornings instructing those who wished to emulate her prowess. (Her afternoons she spent growing extra beards, of which she had a small plot in the back garden, for sale to theatrical costumiers.)

At the end of some years of diligent work Alice could boast of a small neat imperial; and hot on the heels of her boasting of this came her first—and, as it happened, only—business offer. It was from the proprietor of a minor



"HIS HOUR."

JONES'S ARRIVAL ON NO. 9 PLATFORM SYNCHRONIZES WITH THE DEPARTURE OF A HAPPY COUPLE.



every reader of these words who can do so to recall the year 1921 and what our legislators took from us then.

Until the fatal day when the axe fell, England for very many years had been the happier for what was now lost. On a certain morning of the week we descended the stairs to breakfast with a hopefulness that we no longer feel. It is true that, were our hopes fulfilled, certain duties would be entailed; but that we did not mind. We too much wanted what ought, in a recent phrase, to be coming to us.

And then suddenly, on a day in June, 1921, this concession was withdrawn.

Has no one yet guessed?

Let me throw a light by saying that Londoners were not participants in this joy; it was reserved for country dwellers only. Now is it clear?

Very well, then, I must explain. I am recalling with wistfulness the time when there was a Sunday post. Why it was discontinued I have no notion, nor what protestations were raised. Like so many gracious things in England, it was allowed to vanish; whatever Parliamentary opposition was set up was not enough.

Nor can I say why the letters that arrived on Sunday morning were anticipated with so much more rapture than those of the ordinary week-days—Woden's day, Thor's day, Saturn's day and all the rest of them. But so it was. A Sunday letter was a special excitement, and even if, as I have suggested, some part of the afternoon had to be spent in answering it, no one minded.

Well, that is what happened. Until a certain Sunday in June, 1921, all of us who lived in the country could find an envelope, usually welcome and friendly, on the breakfast-table. And then the clock struck, the Jacks-in-office got busy, and we could have such envelopes no more. Postmen must not knock to-day!

Repealing, as I said in the beginning, is in the air; but I doubt if any kind of campaign, however well organised, would bring this privilege back. My hope is that the postmen themselves may take a step. How natural for them to wish to wear those beautiful new caps on the day when Sunday-best is the rule!

E. V. L.

#### Hard Exercise in the Near East.

"Candidates, preferably unmarried, should be between the ages of 20 and 30, and strong and healthy for arduous work in the Persian Gulf."—*Advt. in Provincial Paper.*

#### Things We Should Never Have Dared to Suggest.

"If tactics can save MR. DE VALERA, his Dissolution seems well-advised."

*Sunday Paper.*

### The Homily.

"Herbert," said my wife, "you won't forget to speak to Averil before she goes back to school?"

"I won't," I promised.

This "speaking" to my daughter at the end of the holidays has become almost a family tradition. It takes the form of a mild exhortation in my study.

Item: that A. will be a good girl this term, and, in the words of *Dick Bultitude's* old nurse, "bring home a prize"; item: that in addition to working hard A. will play hard, but not too hard (digression here on "Games and the Girl"); item: that A. will not keep writing to me for money.

Such is the average homily. The ingredients vary hardly at all from term to term, and on this occasion I saw no reason to depart from the standard text. The interviews are rarely acrimonious, as Averil, if not a model child, is at any rate sensible for sixteen-and-a-half.

"Come into the study after lunch, will you?" I said in a kindly manner.

"Yes, Daddy," replied the victim submissively.

I thanked goodness, as I awaited Averil in the study after lunch, that she was not as some other girls. Some modern misses would doubtless resent my "speaking" to them. In their slangy loud-voiced way they would probably condemn me as "stuffy"; they would treat me as virtually defunct. Not so Averil. She, bless her! would accept my remarks in the spirit in which they were offered. A tolerant flapper. . . .

Judge then of my astonishment when she stamped into the room, strode up to my desk and exclaimed belligerently:—

"Just a minute before you begin. This is the jaw, I suppose?"

"I wish just to say a few words to you with regard to next term," I replied. "I don't care for 'jaw.'"

"And I," unexpectedly retorted my daughter, "don't care for jaw either. Listen to me, please. This sermon racket has got a hold on you. It's become an obsession. For three years—that's, let me see, three terms a year, nine times—yes, nine times you've had me in here and told me to be a good girl and bring home a prize. Well, by Heck," stormed Averil, "it's got to stop! D'you hear me? Have you anything to complain of in my conduct last term?"

I was so much affected by the outburst that I could only gulp and stare at her, and she went on in a kind of incisive rage.

"No, you haven't; and don't pre-

tend you have. Have you any reason to think I'll behave badly this term? Have you, I say?"

"What is the meaning—?"

"Answer me and don't dither."

It was at this point that I decided to box my little daughter's ears. It cost me a strong effort to make the heroic decision, because I love my little daughter; but I felt that in this interview some sort of adjustment was now imperative, and I saw that the adjustment must be undertaken by myself. Hysteria must be checked. Grimly I rose.

"Sit down," Averil commanded.

I took two steps towards her and she pulled a revolver out of the pocket of her sports-coat, and she crooked her finger round the trigger. There was an unpleasant glint in her eyes.

"Sit down," she repeated, "at once."

I slunk into my chair.

"Now," said my daughter, with a look of contempt at my cowering form, "I'll do the talking."

She seized a chair, twirled it round and planted herself so that she confronted me with her elbows resting on the back of it and one hand lightly dangling the gun.

"There is a saying," she began, "that it's a wise child that knows its own father. Well, I know *you*, my man, and I'm going to hand you something for your own good. The boot's on the other leg this time, and we'll see how you like it. When I'm away at school this term you'll kindly behave *yourself*. Don't let's have any going off playing golf with Mr. Johnson on Wednesday mornings instead of going to the office. All play and no work. I know you. That sort of thing won't do at all. That's not the way to attend to business; that's the way to lose money. Yes, and talking of money, when I write and ask you for money, just you jolly well fork out—see? You may nod."

I nodded.

"I shall look for a marked improvement in you on my return," she continued, "and if I don't find it—well, I'm sorry for you, that's all. You play the game by me and I'll play it by you; but in future we won't have any more nonsense about 'a few words with regard to next term.' We don't want any more of *that*. You may shake your head. Don't speak. SILENCE!"

I shook my head hastily. My daughter surveyed me with a curling lip and got up from her chair.

"I've no more time to waste on you, so that will have to do for the present," she declared. "Well, good-bye, my man, take care of yourself, work hard, look after mother, remember what I've

said to you, and NEVER," she concluded with awful severity, "let me have to speak to you like this again."

And with that she swept out of the room, leaving me such a huddled wreck that it was some time before I could grasp what had happened.

Great heavens! I had been bearded, browbeaten, bullied and threatened at the revolver point by my own daughter. The child must be ill—desperately ill. Dr. Jackson must be rung up at once. We might even—ghastly thought—have to have Averil certified . . .

I leaped up from my chair only to cringe back into it as the door opened and Averil reappeared. She had changed into tennis things, but she held something in her right hand, and at the sight of it I blanched. Had she come back to finish me off?

"I looked in here a little while ago," she said.

"I know you did," I replied.

"Oh, then you *were* awake. You didn't look much like it. I didn't disturb you."

I sat up, blinking.

"Look here, Daddy," she hurried on, "it's long past three o'clock and I ought to be playing tennis with Audrey. Was it the usual 'heart-to-heart' about next term?"

"Well—yes—that is—"

"Bless you," affirmed my daughter, "I know it backwards. I'm to be a good girl and bring home a prize. Well, well, we'll see what we can do. D'you mind if I dash now? Oh, by the way, you left this in the garden."

She laid my pipe in front of me, kissed me lightly on the top of my head and was off like an arrow from a bow.

WOON.

### To Timurtash.

(With acknowledgments to "The Times" Persian Correspondent.)

LET others sing of Samovars,  
Of Samarcand and Samurai,  
Or of the celluloidal stars  
That glitter in the filmy sky;  
Or lizards of the lounge who dine  
From choice on sausages and mash;  
A nobler, grander theme is mine—  
The rise and fall of TIMURTASH.

For six long years he was the brain,  
The force, the Power behind the Throne,

Whose counsels, always sound and sane,  
The SHAH accepted as his own.

In everything he undertook  
He never made a *gaffe* or hash;  
No one seemed strong enough to cook  
The goose of mighty TIMURTASH.

His words were full of point and pith,  
But yet he showed a want of tact;



"YES, SIR, IT'S ROUGH WORK SCRAPING A LIVING THESE DAYS."

He fraternised and gambled with  
A Minister who had been sacked.  
But it was Oil—which calms the sea  
When waves tumultuously dash—  
By Fate's inscrutable decree  
That wrought the fall of TIMURTASH.

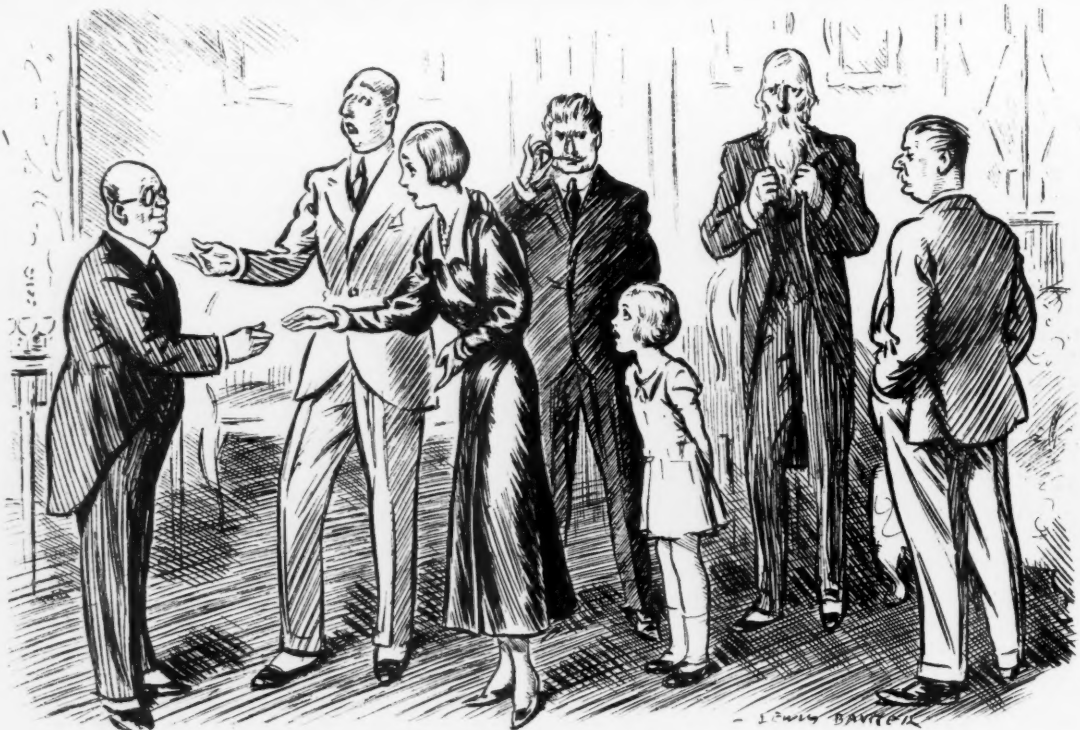
The risk of leaving in the field  
A rival standing in the path  
And blocking the succession sealed  
By AMURATH to AMURATH  
Was at all hazards to be stopped;  
So with a loud resounding splash

The SHAH his trusted Pilot dropped  
And superseded TIMURTASH.

He may emerge—I hope he will—  
And once again to glory climb,  
Revealing to my questing quill  
Fresh matter for a doggerel rhyme.

He may, in short, return to reign,  
Redeem his temporary smash  
And prove a risen TAMERLANE  
And not a fallen TIMURTASH.

C. L. F.



*Luncheon Host (concluding introduction of distinguished members of his lodge). "AND THIS, MY DEAR, IS MR. THEOPHILUS TOMKINS—ER—LAST BUT—ER—BY NO MEANS LEAST."*  
*Small Daughter. "WHICH OF THEM IS LEAST, DADDY?"*

### And the Name Was —

A Real Life Story.

CHILL was the night; the wind, the low-flung wrack  
 Sent comfortable shivers down the back;  
 And snuggling landmen breathed a casual prayer  
 For those at sea, but didn't really care.

The zero hour had passed; the snow lay deep  
 On villas, each with its own carriage sweep;  
 A time well suited to the little games  
 Of an industrious burglar, known as James.

Here he had come, an uninvited guest,  
 After his genial host had gone to rest;  
 Left the cold precincts of the outer night,  
 And passed within, to pick up what he might.

Through the wide house he moved, and as he went  
 Selected this and that with much content,  
 Till in due course his unimpeded bag  
 Stretched with the richness of a record swag.

At last, his task complete, he reached a room  
 Of leisured comfort; through the kindly gloom  
 A lingering fire yet glowed between the bars  
 On a huge chair, and whisky, and cigars.

The night, he felt, was young; his homeward prowl  
 Would be as bitter cold as KEATS's owl;  
 He mixed himself a drink against the storm,  
 Lit a cigar, and settled down to warm.

Much at his ease, abstractedly he took  
 Up from the chair's wide arm an open book;  
 He had, unlike too many of his race,  
 A taste for letters in their proper place.

Hail, Poetry, whose all-persuasive powers  
 Can charm e'en burglars in their lighter hours,  
 Yet sometimes rude and obstinately stark,  
 In rhyme reluctant, and in meaning dark!

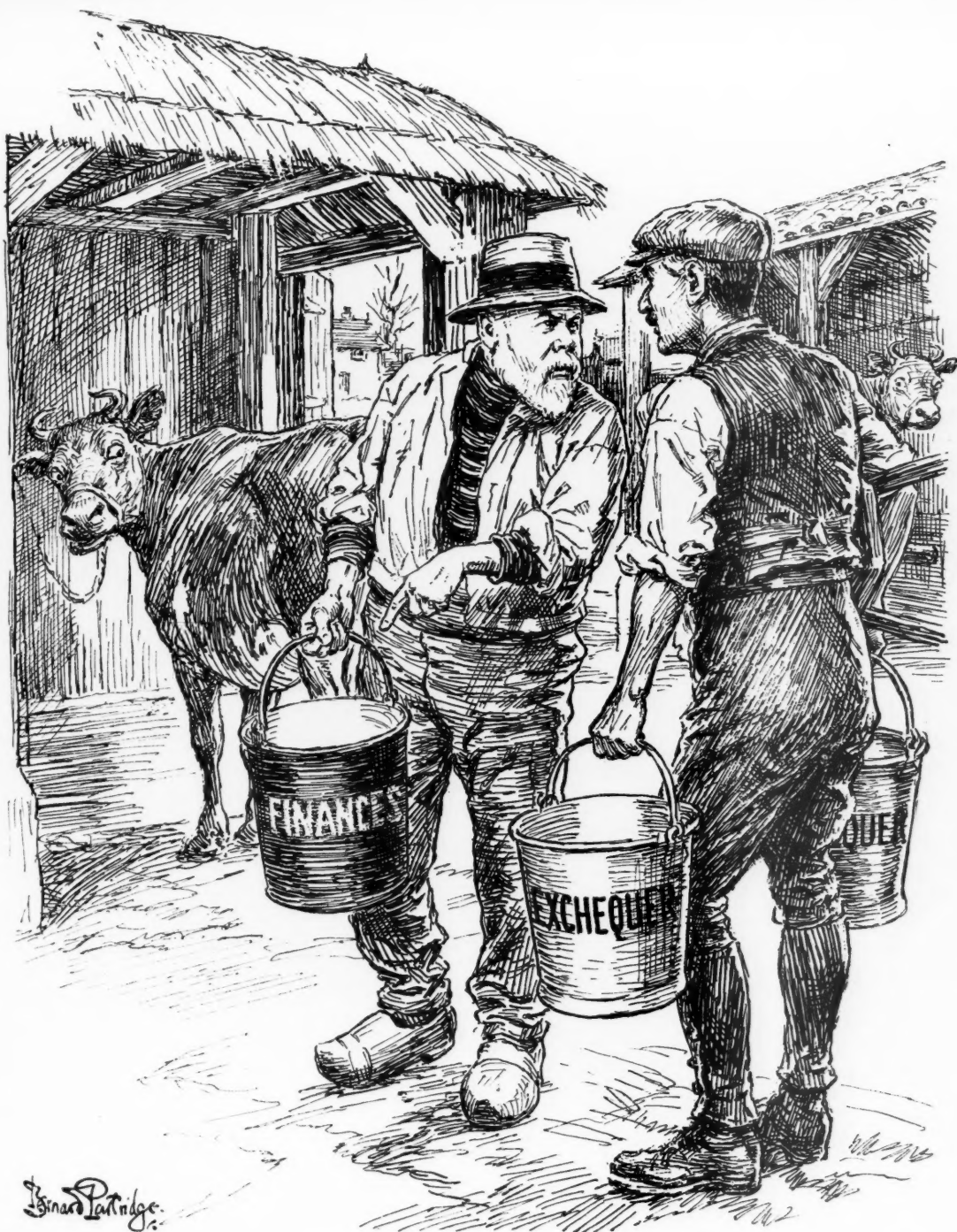
Such was the volume that our hero, used  
 To flights of KEATS and TENNYSON, perused,  
 A new crabbed formless thing, that had no doubt  
 Its message, could one only dig it out.

He read, he paused, he read again; then sat  
 Half-fearfully, as though he'd heard a cat;  
 Then waded in afresh and, undeterred,  
 Bit on a second poem, then a third.

Time passed, while he dug on with gallant soul  
 And working jaws, and dimlier glowed the coal;  
 And still he wrought, until oblivion crept  
 Upon him. And they nabbed him as he slept.

Now, for the unpoetic Law is stern,  
 He has retired, and we shall never learn  
 Who was the modern bard, whose rugged aims  
 And stupefying measures quodded James. DUM-DUM.





### THE RIVAL COWMEN.

M. CHÉRON (*French Finance Minister*). "WHAT ABOUT YOUR ANIMAL, *MON BRAVE*?"

MR. NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN. "SO-SO. WHAT ABOUT YOURS?"

M. CHÉRON. "WELL, I SHALL BE GLAD WHEN I SEE IT IN THE PAIL."

[In view of her Budget deficit France contemplates a drastic new scheme of taxation.]

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"IS THIS RIGHT FOR WHATSISNAME?"

### The Gastronomic Bid.

A LONG time ago I was fortunate enough to sum up the game of bridge privately as a social anæsthetic, a low, inhuman and contemptible pursuit, a sap to the morality and a corruption to the mind. But since yesterday my attitude has hardened perceptibly. And small wonder.

It is four years now since Charles Pilkington went East to lose his overdraft in eggs, and Theodore Bunn went West to submerge his small heritage in beef. So that a celebration was inevitable when yesterday morning we all three happened to converge on a particular slab of Piccadilly pavement.

"Lunch is on me!" cried Pilkington.

"Rot, it's on me!" cried Bunn.

"Both wrong, it's on me!" cried I.

"If we all feel like that, let's just pool the bill," said Pilkington. "We used to eat about the same amount."

Bunn and I concurred.

Of a great deal that was said in the taxi only two sentences mattered. Pilkington asked: "I suppose in the Argentine you play bridge most of the time, as we do in China?" To which Bunn replied, "No. All the time," just as we arrived at Auguste's.

It is a good place for three old friends who wish to talk quietly over the glories of the past; and while the *carte* carries

a number of rare orchestrations for the connoisseur, it is also scored for a wide range of dishes in a minor key.

Auguste himself presented it with the manner which has brought him a European reputation.

"I think grape-fruit to begin," I said. If I have a heavy lunch coma sets in about four o'clock.

Pilkington took the *carte*, and at that moment a gleam came into his eyes which to me was unmistakable. It marked the bridge-player aroused. You can see it in the faces of men entering the Portland Club, and it is not a pretty sight.

"I'll go—I mean to say I'll have some black caviar," he said. Forcefully I remembered that the lunch was to be pooled. Bunn took the *carte*, and I was not at all surprised to see him assume the expression of an expensive calculating machine.

"A difficult bid," he murmured, "but I think a dozen *Escargots à la Bordelaise* has it."

Then suddenly my blood rose to think that these two had once been my friends, sharing the same toasting-fork and the same flat. And I determined to teach them a lesson, even at the cost of my digestion.

"Bring me the *carte* again, Auguste," I cried, "for I have changed my mind."

Bunn made as if to stay me, but, seeing my set jaw, thought better of it.

"I'll have half-a-dozen of those special oysters," I said—"the kind you keep for actor-managers and publishers."

It was a hot pace to set, for it put me two shillings ahead on the first round. After that, agreeing only to drink a certain light claret throughout the meal, it was open war.

Pilkington followed defiantly with an *Homard Cardinal*; Bunn with a *Sole Archiduc*, and, my request for *Filet de Blanchaille Caprice* being squashed, I bid a *Rouget en Papillote*.

Next came a *Faisan Jacques*, a quail à la *Périgourdine*, a *Canard Nivernaise*, and a discreet hint from Auguste that perhaps things were getting a little rich. But nothing could have stopped Pilkington from a further bid of a *Filet Châteaubriand*, Bunn from a *Kebab*, or myself (for I was still determined) from a *Tête de Veau à la Financière*.

In the final round the declarations were for a savoury of forced asparagus-tips, some devilled frogs'-livers and a *Croûte Rothschild*. On the whole orgy I was sixpence up. . . .

But to-day I woke up to the fact that I am down by nearly three pounds and a fat headache. Auguste was more than right. The moral is: If you're a person of spirit never pool a meal with two bridge-fanatics unless you want to feel vulnerable for days. As I trust both Pilkington and Bunn are now feeling.

ERIC.



## At the Pictures.

DISNEY AND O'NEILL.

THERE seems to be no limit to the genius and inspiration of WALT DISNEY. *Flowers and Trees*, his first film in colour, is a brilliant experiment. It is the hardest thing in the world to be both fantastic and funny, but he succeeds.

The love-life of trees has been in the past scandalously neglected by the arts, but in this film Mr. DISNEY has made adequate amends. His hero is a fine young sapling who is enamoured of a beautiful lady-tree; this promising romance is stymied by a gnarled ogre-tree who also has an eye on the heroine and who sets fire to the glade in the hope that his rival may be consumed. But the hare-bell fire-brigade rings the alarm in good time, the birds zoom up and drill neat holes in the clouds, and finally we have the satisfaction of seeing the ogre himself burnt up and the lovers united.

Each tree has a marvellously comic and individual expression, and yet remains a tree and pleasant to look at. Each little blob of fire is imbued with a distinct personality. The heroine (whose bark is much worse than her bite) is particularly a tree of character, the hero having to go down on one root before she will accept him. And I must tell you that when eventually she does so an elderly tree with musical leanings gathers a choir of birds singing "The Wedding March" on her left bough and conducts them with her right. A delightful moment, but only one of the many flashes of real originality which stud Mr. DISNEY's work.

The colours have not yet quite arrived. The reds and browns are good, the greens and blues are still unattractive. But their perfection is only a matter of time, and even at their present stage they add greatly to the charm of this picture. The ballet accompaniment is as good as ever.

*Strange Interval*, at the Empire, is the film version of EUGENE O'NEILL's *Strange Interlude*, the duration having been mercifully compressed from about four hours to two. I say "mercifully" because the film inherits the disabilities which were inherent in the play, of which I imagine most people were agreed that technically it was extremely interesting and actually rather dull.

The novelty consists in the audience being presented not only with the dialogue of the characters but also with a monologue of what they are thinking. Like this:—

Wife. It's kind of funny to think



## LOST OPPORTUNITIES.

HOW THEIR THOUGHT-SELVES MIGHT HAVE BEEN PICTURED.

Ned Darrell . . . . . CLARK GABLE.  
Nina Leeds . . . . . NORMA SHEARER.

that we're hitched up for the rest of our lives. (But it's not always so darned funny. I know one day I'll scream when he makes that sniffing noise.)

Husband. The loveliest joke in the world. This haddock could have done

up the action and weakens dramatic situations by frequent suspensions in which the thoughts are spoken. As it also demands from its audience very concentrated attention, it has got to give them a good deal in return if it is to be a success. And the rewards of assiduous application to *Strange Interval* are not, to my mind, either sufficient or as great as they were in the case of *Strange Interlude*.

This is not altogether the fault of the story, which has emotional possibilities if it were acted straight. *Nina Leeds* has never recovered from the death in the War of her lover and has become selfishly neurotic. Hard work and hard living do her no good; and so, encouraged by her doctor, *Ned Darrell*, she marries his friend, *Sam Evans*, a decent simple fellow. They go to stay with his mother, who breaks it to her that there is lunacy in *Sam's* family, though he doesn't know it; he must never be a father. (How he remained unaware of his maniac aunt when even we heard her laughing from the hall is not explained.)

For *Sam's* happiness *Nina* has a child by *Ned*; and though they are constantly on the verge of telling *Sam* they never do so. We follow them through life (the make-up as they age is admirable), and see *Sam* get rich and fat, *Nina* become a lady of fashion, and the boy, *Gordon*, grow up. *Charlie Marsden* (who has always been platonically in love with *Nina*) and *Ned* have financed *Sam* and are also very rich. *Sam* dies of excitement when his son's boat wins a university race; and in the end, *Nina* and *Ned* deciding to part, she is left peacefully with *Charlie*. A pretty ghastly fate for the poor woman. I thought.

The acting is reasonably good. *NORMA SHEARER* is a convincing *Nina* and *CLARK GABLE* does his best with the part of *Ned*. But some of the situations ring false, and there are a number of soggy patches in the dialogue. If people are to think out loud, then please let them think more amusingly than this.

The audience thought so too. They behaved beautifully until near the end, which was vastly mushy, when, someone having the courage to giggle, we all had a good laugh. And felt better.

ERIC.

## The Vegetarian Wedding.

"The bride, who entered the church with her father, carried a bouquet of lentil roses and asparagus ferns."—*New Zealand Paper*.



## HIS FRANK MAJESTY.

"WHEN I SAY 'GOO-GOO,' I THINK  
'GOO-GOO.'"

with more butter. (Gosh, how much easier it would all be if she wouldn't say fool things like that!)

And so on. You observe the method. Its advantage is that it illumines the inner as well as the outer character, and its disadvantages are that it slows



"I DON'T LIKE THIS HERRING, UNCLE. IT'S GOT TOO MUCH RIGGING."

### Her Book.

I read, "*Laetitia Jones, her book,*  
*Given in 1833*

*By her Mamma,"* and then I took  
A four-leaved clover tenderly  
From where it lay  
Since on a day

A certain Mister Clarence Brown  
Beneath the influence of Spring  
And of a dainty gingham gown,  
Bending to pluck the tiny thing,  
With sudden wit  
Presented it,

And softly murmured, "Dear Miss  
Jones,

With all unworthy hand I dare  
To give you this. The giver owns  
He finds you, like the clover,  
rare."

With mounting blush  
She cried, "Oh, hush!"

Yet suffered him to take her hand,  
And kept the clover after all.  
He whispered, "Do you under-  
stand?"

Then, as her timid eyelids fall,  
I seem to see  
Him bend the knee. . . .

That was a hundred years ago;  
Laetitia Jones in quiet sleeps  
Where tall and wind-swept grasses  
blow,  
But still the four-leaved clover keeps  
Her memory green,  
Who once had been  
Laetitia Jones—  
God rest her bones!

"... then Douglas Brown, at the great  
organ, threw all hearers into a monastery  
garden."—*Dramatic Criticism in Newcastle  
Paper.*

Fun for the monks, if painful for the  
audience.

### Foursquare Football.

THE fierce, the burning question was: Which team had prior right to play on the Green?

Squire said it rested with him. The shooting, grazing and mineral rights of the Green had been in his family since the Battle of Hastings, so if *he* hadn't the right to stick up two pairs of goal-posts on it and muster the manhood of Higgleston Magna to take on all comers he would like to know who had.

The Colonel told him who. In his young and martial days he had raised the Higgleston Hornets. Every year he had led them forth to victory on this self-same Green—until the year when they had suspended their efforts and the club treasurer. The time had come, he said, for the Hornets to buzz round again.

Squire said, Oh, indeed! The Magna Meanderers were going to revive their glorious sporting traditions—he was going to see to it himself—and the Green was *their* ground. The Colonel and his Hornets could buzz off to a warmer climate.

The Colonel said Squire and his team could meander to the devil if they liked but they weren't going to meander on the Green.

Squire's reply to that was to mark out the Green with white lines and put up two pairs of goal-posts lying north and south.

The Colonel retorted by putting up two more pairs of goal-posts, lying east and west, and marking out a fresh set of lines on top of Squire's. The Green began to look something like a crossword puzzle.

Meanwhile both sides got busy with recruiting. Squire and the Colonel each took charge of it personally. KITCHENER was nothing to the Colonel. The press-gang wasn't in it with Squire. In twenty-four hours the teams were complete.

Things began to look lively in Higgleston Magna. We who had lived in peace and amity since the year Taffy Jones held the slate-club stakes began to feel the draught. Meanderers and their pals, when they saw a Hornet coming down the road, got off it on to a field. And if any of Squire's men came into the "Blue Guinea-Pig" the

Colonel's left by the closing-time clearance exit.

It was a tense moment when Squire gave out that he had booked a home match for the Meanderers against the Puddlebridge Pot-Hunters for the following Saturday.

It was a still tenser one when the Colonel announced that he had arranged a home engagement for the Hornets against the Wallington Wizards on the same afternoon.

Correspondence passed between The Manor and Balaclava Hall. Old Jarge, the postman, said Squire's addresses were like an explosion down a coal-mine, and the Colonel, *he* seemed to be crossing his t's with a bayonet.



"IF ONLY I COULD REMEMBER WHAT IT WAS I CAME OUT HERE TO FORGET!"

You'd hardly believe the rumours that were flying round next Saturday morning. Grandfer Thurgood said he'd heard tell Parson was going to hold a special Service of Intercession. And young Percy Bidnell came running up with the news that RAMSAY was coming down by aeroplane to settle the dispute himself.

By two-thirty every man, woman and child in Higgleston Magna was standing round the Green.

Presently there was a cheer and the Meanderers came up. Squire was with them. He wore a sweater and carried a referee's whistle.

Then there was another cheer and the Hornets strolled on. The Colonel marched ahead of them. He wore a sweater and carried a referee's whistle.

Nobody explained matters to the Pot-Hunters or the Wizards, who came along a few minutes later.

Both parties of visitors looked a little dazed when all four teams took up their positions round the sides of a square. As the whistles blew, the Wizards' keeper banged his head hard on one of the posts and took a suspicious look around him.

There was a little unpleasantness at the start, because in kicking-off for the Meanderers young Charlie Blanks kicked both balls at once.

The Colonel blew his whistle loudly and declared a foul. But Squire blew his louder still and roared out "Play on!"

In the confusion which followed the Hornets scored a goal against the Wizards, which the Squire disallowed

because it was the wrong ball, and the Colonel allowed because it was the right one. Things looked black for a bit, but the Colonel gave way out of courtesy to the visitors and the game proceeded.

Ever since our Women's Institute won the Junior League Knitting Competition Higgleston Magna has always held a name for sportsmanship and fair play. But after the kick-off some of us couldn't help noticing.

For instance, whenever one of Squire's team was waiting for a pass he never seemed to get it, because a black-and-yellow shirt was always in the way. And every time a Hornet tried to clear in front of goal he seemed to come up

against some portion of a Meanderer.

As time went on we noticed more still. The Meanderers' right-half had a nasty habit of throwing-in from between the Hornets' goal-posts just as their goalie was trying to save; and once, when Squire's men were given a close penalty shot, they found most of the Colonel's team standing in the line of fire.

The correspondent of *The Mugglesford Clarion* said it was the toughest game he had ever reported. He said he had been in sporting journalism forty years, and this was the first time he had ever been beaten for phrases.

Nobody could blame him if he was. When "Time" was blown most of us agreed it was the closest thing we had ever seen in Higgleston Magna since young Miss Flibberty got married to the curate.

It was so close that none of us knew



the result even when it was all over. None of us, that is, except Squire, who was certain the Hornets had been beaten hollow, and the Colonel, who gave out that Squire's men had been given the thrashing of their lives.

*The Mugglesford Clarion* cleared it up for us in the end. It reported:—

Puddlebridge	Wallington
Pot-Hunters 0 v.	Wizards 0
Magna	Higgleston
Meanderers 12 v.	Hornets 12

### With or Without With.

SOME words should be expelled from our language. W-I-T-H, as used by our best-sellers, is surely one of these:—

"Dick Pollinar with his massive shoulders and narrow hips entered the room with its attractive setting. He crossed to the armchair with its luxurious upholstery and, sitting down, placed his feet on the floor with its covering of Axminster.

"The sun with its declining rays came through the window with its casements by Taffany and cast diffused colours on the face of his prospective mother-in-law, with her hard-boiled temper and bobbed hair.

"The atmosphere was tense. Suddenly the door opened and Mary Louise, the daughter of the house, walked in. With her hair golden as the sun with its diffused colours [as stated previously] and her Roman nose with its powder overdone, she stood facing her parents. 'No,' she exclaimed; 'I will not part from Dick with his unlimited income!' 'Ah!' replied her father in a voice with its deep resonance, 'we insist.' She dropped into a chair with its luxurious upholstery [also as stated previously], shed bitter burning tears with their pearl-like appearance, and fainted with her usual becoming gracefulness."

WEBSTER with his *Dictionary*, both abridged and unabridged, must turn in his grave at the misuse of this word w-i-t-h. Let us refuse to purchase any best-seller which withs this word with to death. Let us have with within bounds.

### "Give a Man a Horse."

REGRETTING, every now and then,  
The days when men were truly men,  
Not motored parcels, I decide  
That I must find a horse and ride.  
But where? Sweet Auburn, where I dwell,  
Set round about with mead and dell,  
Where noble horseflesh once was prized  
Is mercilessly mechanised.  
The butcher and the baker can  
Produce for me a motor-van;

Our doctor used to do his job  
Behind a spanking little cob,  
But now his coupé can be seen  
Far-flashing 'twixt the hedges green;  
A local tradesman, too, provides  
A motor-hearse to end our rides.  
To seek a worthy mount is vain  
Upon our farms; there none remain  
But broadbacked Behemoths at plough;  
Our pastorals reek of petrol now.  
But one thing equine still survives,  
The little nag our milkman drives—  
A shaggy creature stiff of limb—  
And in despair I borrow him.  
The ancient saddle does not fit  
Nor does the bridle nor the bit,  
His back's too long, his neck's too short,  
He has no points of any sort;

He's keen to stop and loth to start;  
He seems at sea without his cart,  
Indignant that he may not wait  
With me at many a wonted gate,  
Where on his rounds he stays to eat  
A lump of sugar or a sweet;  
There is no jump, however low,  
He could be urged to take, I know;  
He scarcely seems awake at all  
Save when I head him for his stall;  
He is a rider's last resource,  
And yet, all said and done, a horse,  
And on his back I share the pride  
Of all who've ridden or will ride.  
So, even when I see him bound  
Upon his humble morning round,  
The very clink his milk-cans make  
I find romantic, for his sake! W. K. H.



Official for Dole (calls on means test). "HOW MUCH HAVE YOU GOT IN THE BANK?"  
Applicant. "TEN THOUSAND POUNDS."  
Official. "DON'T BE SILLY."  
Applicant. "WELL, YOU STARTED IT FIRST."

### At the Play.

#### "DINNER AT EIGHT" (PALACE).

THE distinguished American playwrights, EDNA FERBER and GEORGE S. KAUFMAN, old collaborators, here exhibit with intricate pattern and swift movement a fantasia upon the simple theme: *Mrs. Jordan* gives a dinner-party.

*Mrs. Jordan* (Miss IRENE VANBRUGH), wife of *Oliver Jordan* of Jordan's Shipping Line, has triumphantly secured by cable a dull, rich and therefore important English lord and his lady. To meet them she invites the *Talbots* (*Talbot* is the family doctor) and the *Packards*. *Dan Packard* (Mr. LYN HARDING) is a gross acquisitive ex-miner, his wife (Miss CAROL GOODNER), a lamentable little blonde, as pretty as she is socially and domestically impossible. But *Dan* is a money-power and *Oliver* needs financial backing to see him through *The Crisis*, so *Mrs. Oliver* must needs swallow this unpresentable pair with however wry a face. To complete the party there is *Carlotta Vance*, the actress (Miss LAURA COWIE), once a brilliant star on Broadway and still a personality trailing clouds of a departed glory, and young (or now not quite so young) *Larry Renault* (Mr. BASIL SYDNEY), film-hero with a profile.

Not perhaps a very resourceful effort for a Park Avenue hostess, but our authors know what they are about. They give us, with an unerring faculty of judicious selection, the inner history of their strangely-assorted characters in ten packed scenes, beginning with the first hectic telephonings of *Mrs. Jordan* to collect her team, and ending with the filing of the guests into the dining-room to the strains of the *Hungaria Tzigane Orchestra*—a ruined party, lacking the English lord, who has gone a-fishing in Florida, and the film-star, who is at that moment sitting with his head over the roaring unlit gas in his hotel.

We have learnt much meanwhile of the *Jordans*, their guests and domestics. We have seen *Dr. Talbot*, unmindful of professional codes, in the arms of *Dan's* wife; and infatuated nineteen-year-old *Paula Jordan* in those of *Larry Renault*; *Larry* summoning the last relics of his decency to break off the entanglement;

*Larry* reduced to his last seventeen cents and sedulously ruining his profile with whisky; *Jordan*, in *Talbot's* office, given but a few weeks to live; *Mrs. Talbot*, wounded but understanding, hearing and accepting her husband's halting defences; and downstairs in the pantry *Jordan's* Italian chauffeur and

overhear a quarrel such as could take place only between such people as bully *Dan* and spitfire *Kitty*—a brilliantly-fought duel, where victory goes to the woman, who has the courage of her kind, the wit to know what stabs deepest and no reserves in her mean little soul. In *Larry's* room we see the fallen star, hopelessly drunk, hearing from his scrubby little agent, *Max Kane* (Mr. DAVID BURNS), the harsh truth about himself as others see it—a passage brilliantly played by Mr. BURNS and as brilliantly prepared in an earlier scene, in which the little man, still with a hope that an engagement and its depending commission can be arranged, fawns and cringes and swallows gross insults like a good man of business of his type.

Miss IRENE VANBRUGH's part, though the pivot of the whole, was perhaps the least interesting, and gave her less scope than we perhaps could have wished for her particular gifts of gaiety and subtlety. The more merit, then, in presenting us this harried snob and climber to the life. Miss CAROL GOODNER we have lately seen triumphing in the part of a hard American young woman. But this *Kitty* is something more than hard. She is a gutter

type, with all that is fundamentally vile heightened by the opportunities which money gives; and Miss GOODNER contrives to hint all this without a trace of overplaying. A flattering part but easy to spoil. Miss LAURA COWIE offers one of her sleek, purring, wheedling exotics for our delight. Mr. BASIL SYDNEY had but two scenes to show us, on the one hand, the fascination which could make *Larry Renault* win and hold the impressionable but not unintelligent *Paula* and allow his agent to hope for an important engagement, and, on the other, the deterioration and despair which leads to his suicide. He convinced us in both scenes and handled the drunken scene with equal power and discretion. Mr. LYN HARDING specialises in savages. *Dan Packard* is here set before us a loud-voiced bully and treacherous swindler behind a hail-fellow-well-met mask. Not a subtle but a forceful performance.

When with such distinguished players in the principal parts we can truthfully say that they did not overshadow their colleagues you have the measure of the success of this showy affair.



FALLEN-STAR GAZING.

*Larry Renault* . . . . . Mr. BASIL SYDNEY.  
*Paula Jordan* . . . . . Miss MERIEL FORBES-ROBERTSON.

Swiss butler fighting over the pretty parlourmaid, *Dora* (Miss JANE BAXTER), ruining each other's faces and incidentally the lobster-in-aspic.

Again, in *Mrs. Dan's* bedroom, we



THE PACKARD HOME—NO PLACE LIKE IT.

*Kitty Packard* . . . . . Miss CAROL GOODNER.  
*Dan Packard* . . . . . Mr. LYN HARDING.

The authors have an eye for character, a rare sense of what to leave out, a keen and at times a naughty wit, and withal the discretion not to over-elaborate their best strokes—an implicit flattery which we appreciate.

Mr. COCHRAN has again proved his knowledge of a good horse and his courage in backing his fancy.

Though the mounting was exceptionally elaborate, the changes of scene were made with astonishing speed. This speed was, as a good producer knows, involved in the authors' plan, and heightened our illusion of taking a peep into other people's lives.

T.

#### "FRESH FIELDS" (CRITERION).

Mr. IVOR NOVELLO, labelling his new play "comedy" thereby, commits himself to a rather more careful effort to attain plausibility than he does in fact attain. I would hazard the guess that rehearsal of the piece disclosed this fundamental lack of plausibility and made clear to the producer (Mr. ATHOLE STEWART) that it was the broader and, in the Victorian sense, ruder pleasantries and cruder situations that made their effect. He therefore decided to let it rip into the mood of noisy farce, at times, I thought, rather too noisy for comfort, and a little hard on Miss ELLIS JEFFREYS, who had to make a good deal of the noise.

The two impoverished daughters of a ducal house, the excessively virginal and refined *Lady Lilian Bedworthy* (Miss LILIAN BRAITHWAITE) and the robust, unscrupulous and rather ribald *Lady Mary* (Miss ELLIS JEFFREYS), relict of one *Crabbe*, a persistent alcoholic who had happily succumbed to his hobby in Brisbane, are leading a harassed existence in their handsome Belgravia mansion—secretary and staff unpaid, bills arriving by every post. The business of opening bazaars for fees, *Lady Mary's* speciality, is declining. *Lady Lilian* conducts a column in one of our journals for the ingenuous—"Can I help you? Consult *Lady Lilian*"—in which she deals, as disrespectful young *Tim Crabbe* (Mr. ROBERT ANDREWS), *Lady Mary's* son, puts it, with the inhibitions of maidservants. The author gives us some audacious examples of the questions and answers which such journals would no doubt be delighted to print—but don't; the Press being still so much more polite than the theatre. And these examples we unashamedly enjoy.

Into the quiet mournful mansion burst three loud and wealthy Brisbaners—a Mrs. *Lottie Pidgeon* (Miss MINNIE RAYNER), her daughter, *Una* (Miss EILEEN PEEL), and *Lottie's* brother, *Tom Larcomb* (Mr. FRED GROVES). The departed *Crabbe* had died in the *Pidgeon* hotel in Brisbane, and dying had declared with the easy optimism of his type that the old girl (meaning *Lady Mary*) would be delighted to see any pals of his should they ever visit London.



#### THE CAVE MAN AND THE NOBLY BORNE.

*Lady Lilian Bedworthy* . . . Miss LILIAN BRAITHWAITE.  
*Tom Larcomb* . . . Mr. FRED GROVES.

This turns out to be a truer forecast than was inherently likely, for *Lady Mary* promptly installs them as heavily-paying guests, concealing this pigeon-plucking transaction from her sensitive sister; *Lottie*, on her part, concealing it from her honest brother. *Tom* gratefully imagines himself to be a privileged guest; *Lady Lilian* merely thinks her sister has gone mad.

To *Tom*, a hearty bachelor who has lived à la carte, *Lilian*, wistful shrinking wraith, is the supreme ideal of womanhood. *Mary*, who knows her sister to be the world's arch-humbog and self-deceiver, persuades him that if he bites through the ice of this

human bombe surprise turned inside-out he will find a pleasant warmth within—which is nearer the truth than he guesses, and is demonstrated with a wealth of psychological and physiological innuendo. And that disposes of *Lady Lilian*.

The pretty hoyden, *Una*, careering about, smashing the furniture, the Crown Derby and the *objets d'art*, commends herself to the at first hostile and resentful *Tim* as something rather fresh and unusual. After a show of resistance *Tim* is carried off by the pretty young savage, who has been tamed, robbed of her quite appalling accent, and duly presented at Court by *Lady Strawholme*—a pleasant tolerant woman charmingly outlined by Miss MARTITA HUNT.

The best of this piece is in the exchanges between the sisters: Miss BRAITHWAITE drifting vaguely about in the most charming and inflammatory gowns, wolfing kippers while bemoaning complete loss of appetite, and shrinking with well-feigned timidity from the rude touch of life; Miss ELLIS JEFFREYS snapping out her frank jests and exposing the clotted nonsense of her airy fairy *Lilian* with remorseless insight.

Mr. ROBERT ANDREWS, with his easy natural manner, deserved a longer and more coherent part. Miss EILEEN PEEL showed a new and agreeable resourcefulness, and Miss MINNIE RAYNER's bubbling studies of the perfect, friendly barmaid type are always diverting.

T.

#### An Impending Apology.

"Special traffic arrangements are being made for the convenience of those who celebrate New Year's Eve in the West End of London, where dinner-dances and supper-dances are to take place at many of the restaurants, and at St. Paul's."—*Daily Paper*.  
Gloomy?

"HULL NOW NEAR LE HAVRE."  
*Glasgow Paper*.

What will England be without her famous beauty-spot?

"4.0—THE SCOTTISH STUDIO ORCHESTRA.  
Overture, The Wanderer's Goal. . . .Suppé."  
*Wireless Paper*.

Bolton's, perhaps.

"BUSINESSES WANTED.  
Gent coming from North wants to settle on any easily worked bus; cash."  
*Advt. in Bournemouth Paper*.

Why not rent a retired General?





SWINGING THE LEAD AT THE WORSHIPFUL COMPANY OF PLUMBERS.

### The Complete American Broadcaster.

#### The Rugby Game.

"HELLO, folks, this is Cy Wuddle-wop speaking! Here we are, perched right on top of the Grand Stand in the Wriggeley University Stadium, and the big game's gonna begin in three minutes. Maybe you didn't know, so I'd better tell you: Wriggeley's playing Fleischwoman University this afternoon. They're deadly enemies, and have been for thirty-five years, and this annual battle means more to them than all their other games rolled into one. Out of thirty-five starts Wriggeley have won eighteen and Fleischwoman seventeen, so you can just guess feeling's running pretty high to-day. Fleischwoman are all out to knot up the series, and Wriggeley will try just as hard to hang on to their lead. And, believe me, I'm glad I'm not one of the players. And that's not funny.

"They're out on the field now—sixty-odd husky college boys. Each coach has got enough lined up to make three complete teams, and no doubt will inject a brand-new team into the game as soon as the one on the field begins to weaken. This is gonna be one sweet battle of wits between the two

coaches. You'll see each one will try to outsmart and doublecross and out-guess and doublecheck the other. Those boys in uniform out there on the field are just so many pawns for them to play with.

"There's Krla Zdwgg! now, the Fleischwoman coach. Some folk say he's the finest coach in the States right now, and I guess they're not far wrong. He's giving last-minute orders to his quarterback. And there's Curly Spear-mint, the Wriggeley coach, doing just the same to *his* quarterback.

"Can you hear the cheering? Both sides have got their followers massed together—Wriggeley on this side, Fleischwoman across on the other. The cheerleaders are turning hand-springs and waving arms and legs and shouting through megaphones, and no sooner does Wriggeley pull off a smart cheer than Fleischwoman goes one better. Now Wriggeley are singing their College Song, 'Chew, Boys, Chew!' Hark at 'em! Didya ever hear music with a bigger kick in it than that?

"Now the spares are going off the field. Just eleven men left on each side. There's the whistle. 'Dynamite' Kruschen's the referee. He was Captain of Sing-Sing in his time, and what he says goes. And that's not funny.

"You are listening to this broadcast

through the courtesy of Kripple Korn Kure, Inkorporated.

"Fleischwoman are kicking off. Say, what a hoist! Forty—forty-five—fifty yards! A Wriggeley man's caught it. Now he's running it back. How that guy can run! Wonder if it's Frutti? It is! It's Frutti himself! Say, are they never going to stop him? Oh—oh! he's down! That Fleischwoman tackler just shot himself through the air like a torpedo. They're both lying very still. They've signalled for a doctor. Wonder if they're killed? Wriggeley's been pretty lucky this year—only seven so far. Oh, too bad! They've dipped the flag to half-mast a couple times, so they're both dead. That's tough on Wriggeley; Frutti was one of the best backfielders they've had in years. A real star, if ever there was one. . . .

"Well, well, the referee's signalled to the timekeeper, so the game's on again. Both men have been replaced by spares.

"There's a scrimmage on the Fleischwoman thirty-five-yard line. Wriggeley advance the ball through the centre three yards. Second down. A Wriggeley player round the end for another yard. Third down. Wonder if they'll kick? Yes, they're gonna kick! O—oh! WHADDA kick! He's booted a long high spiral way over the Fleischwoman goal-

line. Kraft is waiting to catch it. He's surrounded by Wriggeley tacklers. He's MUFFED it! Somebody's fallen on it; can't see whether it's a Wriggeley or a Fleischwoman player. They're all piling on top of him and scrapping like blazes. The referee's sent for the umpire; the umpire's sent for the head linesman; the head linesman's sent for the timekeeper; the timekeeper's sent for the water-boy; the water-boy's sent for the chaplain. They're unpiling the pile of players. Looks like as if a few more are killed. Yes, by hickory!—three, and two injured; or is it two, and three injured? . . . Guess it's three killed all right; there's the flag dipping. Never mind; it's a touch-down. The score's now 5-0 in favour of Wriggeley.

"You are listening to this broadcast through the courtesy of Kripple Korn Kure, Incorporated."

(Three-quarters-of-an-hour later: Half-time.)

"The score is now 15-5 for Fleischwoman, thanks to the wily Krla Zdwggl. Who else would ever have thought of fastening a dummy Rugby ball to the front of every player's sweater? It had Wriggeley completely fooled, and the man with the real ball

crossed their line three times before they got on to the trick. It'll be interesting to see what Curly Spearmint springs in the next half. He's not the man to lie down and let Zdwggl walk all over him.

"There goes the whistle. Fleischwoman still have seventeen and Wriggeley fifteen players left. The score is 15-5 in favour of Fleischwoman. . . .

"You are listening to this broadcast through the courtesy of the Kripple Korn Kure, Incorporated."

(One hour later: Game just over.)

" . . . and with one minute to go he ran the entire length of the entire field for a touch-down to tie the score at fifteen-all. His one remaining teammate plugged after him, but there was no need to make a pass: the three Fleischwoman men never got near enough to make a tackle.

"That lone run sure was dramatic, but it's gotta take second place to Wriggeley's stellar play early in the second half. A Wriggeley player was given the ball behind the scrimmage, and then suddenly all the rest of his team formed a ring round him and trotted in that formation right down the field until they crossed the Fleisch-

woman goal-line. All the ball-carrier had to do was to run inside this ring and plant the ball on the ground when they got there. Not a single Fleischwoman player was able to get anywhere near him.

"And so, folks, we come to the end of the Wriggeley-Fleischwoman game of '33. It was a wow of a game, and nobody who saw it will ever forget it. As long as this announcer lives he'll remember that fake Rugby-ball trick of Krla Zdwggl's and that running circle of Curly Spearmint's. Those are the things that make Rugby what it is. They're the poetry of the game. And that's not funny.

"You have been listening to this game through the courtesy of Kripple Korn Kure, Incorporated. This is Station QXKL. . . ."

"HEIR FOR DAUGHTER OF WIGAN'S PEER."  
*North-Country Paper.*

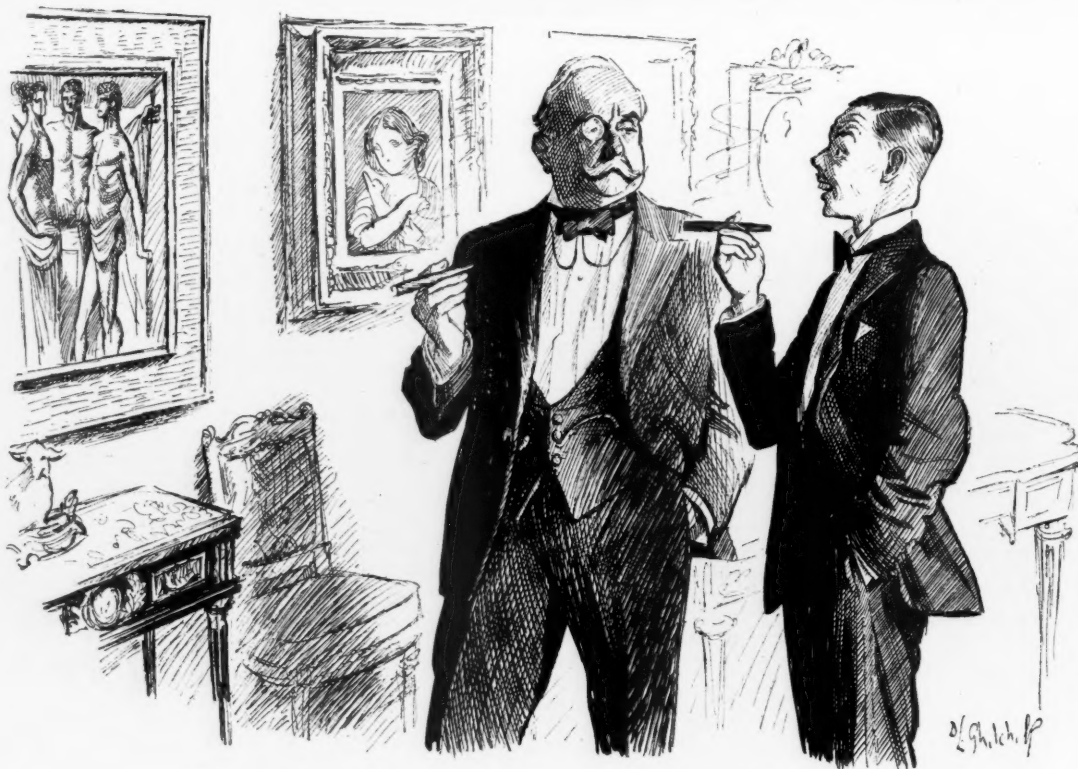
You thought it was just a music-hall joke, didn't you?

"Owing to there being racing against H.M.S. Kick off at 3-15, again at the Club on Saturday, there will be no Football."

*Hankow Paper.*  
This is the sister-ship to H.M.S. Heel-Tap.



Club Secretary (to dud Golfer). "I SAY, LORD BUGGLEHAM NEEDS A CADDIE URGENTLY. YOU'RE NOT USING YOURS MUCH, ARE YOU?"



"THIS IS MY LATEST ACQUISITION. IT'S BY VON SCHMALTZSTEIN."

"BY JOVE, REALLY? NOT VON SCHMALTZSTEIN THE PAINTER BY ANY CHANCE?"

### Our Booking-Office.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

#### Per Aspera ad Astra.

FROM the side of sheer expediency and of zeal that a fine performance should be known and appreciated at the outset, I am a little sorry that Mr. GEOFFREY L. BICKERSTETH did not translate the *Inferno* or the *Purgatorio* before *The Paradiso of Dante Alighieri* (CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY PRESS, 10/6). The *Paradiso* is, as he says, the supreme expression (outside Holy Writ) of the Christian faith and the supreme expression of poetic art. But its *sommo alto* is dizzy going for any but a well-trained philosophical crag-climber, and should, I feel, have been approached, as DANTE approached it, from below. Nevertheless, if a readable and reverent crib, such as JOHN CARLYLE'S, still remains the most helpful adjunct to a reader with inadequate Italian, Mr. BICKERSTETH'S rendering in *terza rima* undoubtedly establishes itself as the best means of approaching the original for the reader with no Italian at all. Harking back to DANTE'S progenitors, the troubadours, he considers the *Divine Comedy*'s satiric intention and its carillon of rhymes from the right angle. If the Italian poet is related in aim and technique to any Englishman it is to DRYDEN rather than to the SHELLEY of popular affiliation. Yet convincing as is the argument of his preface, Mr. BICKERSTETH rightly admits that his translation stands or falls on its own merits. To my way of thinking it stands and will stand as the most satisfying adumbration of its accompanying text that has

ever been offered to English readers and as a new delight to comparative scholars of English and Italian.

#### Romance and Reality.

The more conscientious the artist the harder becomes the writing of historical fiction. "Facts begin by inspiring the imagination: they end by imprisoning it in a strait-waistcoat." *Pocahontas; or, The Nonparell of Virginia* (CHATTO AND WINDUS, 8/6), from whose preface this statement of the case is drawn, succeeds far beyond the common measure, both as a matter of fact and as a work of fiction. Yet it succeeds, so to speak, in strata. Only in its triumphant close, when copious access to strictly relevant detail coincides with plentitude of inspiration, is the book Mr. DAVID GARNETT set out to write evident in its full beauty. POCAHONTAS, the North American Indian princess who married a Jacobean gentleman adventurer, is a well-articulated historical figure. That Mr. GARNETT has succeeded in enduing her tragic bones with vitality is undeniable. That he has replaced the absurdly heroic legend of her Indian and Colonial backgrounds with something more like the squalid reality is admirable. That he has seen far into the hearts of his Virginians—his SMITHS and ROLFES and WINGFIELDS—is evident. Yet because his emotional data are slender while his spectacular groundwork is abundant he has let the flesh outweigh the spirit to an extent that precludes the finest unity and the deepest impressiveness. Gross earth has the last word; and for this reason the book's descriptions of Indian tortures and Colonial "justice" prove as justly unbearable as any other



gratuitous exhibition of cruelty. Yet the sum of its partial failure remains far greater than most achievements in the same field.

### The Findhorn.

CHARLES ST. JOHN, an English observer.

First hailed as the loveliest stream  
The Findhorn, and now with fresh  
fervour

Two Scotsmen enlarge on the theme.

Here are legends and magic and  
mystery

Unknown to the dwellers in towns,  
With wonders of natural history,  
And all for three modest half-crowns.

THOMAS HENDERSON's record enriches  
Our minds with the lore of his race;  
JOHN CAMERON's pencil bewitches  
Our eyes with its delicate grace.

So when the requirements of duty  
Relax, and you crave for a boon,  
Read *The Findhorn: The River of  
Beauty*

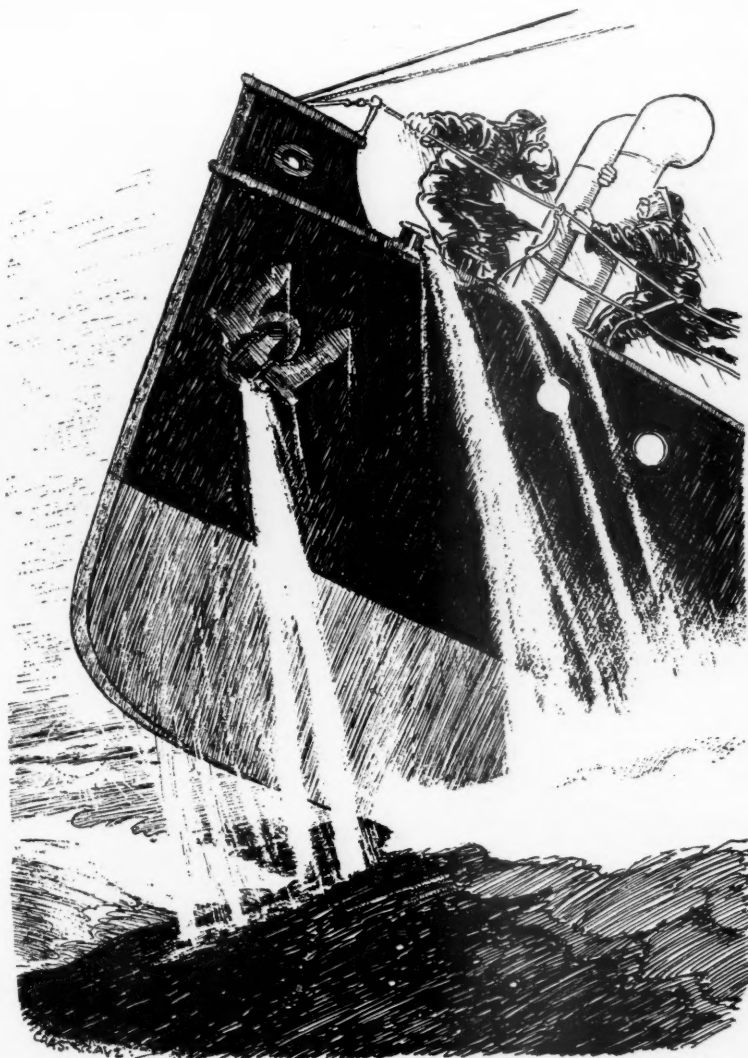
(GRANT AND MURRAY, of Edinbro'  
toon).

### Grace Darling.

GRACE DARLING is one of those national heroines about whom most people know a little and a very few know much, and a reliable biography of her has undoubtedly been long overdue. Such a task is far from easy when its subject's fame—which it is curious to find termed more than once in the course of the book "notoriety"—rests upon the happenings of a single night and not of a whole career, and Miss CONSTANCE SMEDLEY, in her imposing volume on *Grace Darling and Her Times* (HURST AND BLACKETT, 18/-), has marshalled a surprising amount of material bearing directly or indirectly upon that short and, but for that one night of storm on the Harkers, uneventful life. The earlier chapters, which deal with the central incident of GRACE's brief history, with its setting and the principal actors in it, are entirely admirable. But I cannot help feeling that the later portion, containing as it does much the inclusion of which is only justified by that elastic clause, "and *Her Times*," comes rather as an anticlimax. Miss SMEDLEY's view that the Board of Trade's action as to safety at sea was a sequel to GRACE DARLING's exploit is hardly justified by the facts. Such regulations were the inevitable result of the new developments in sea transport, and, as Miss SMEDLEY herself points out, during the first heat of public feeling caused by the *Forfarshire* disaster GRACE DARLING's name was hardly mentioned.

### Sentiment and Irony.

Such uncomfortable things happened to *Carol*, the heroine of Miss DORIS LESLIE's novel, *Puppets Parade* (THE BODLEY HEAD, 7/6), that I could not help feeling sorry for her when I read how "her throat ached with a sudden rush of tears," and how "the blood surged upwards over her



"MY OWN VIEW IS THAT THINGS WILL TAKE AN UPWARD TURN THIS YEAR."

heart in a relentless drowning flood." All this was the result of the girl's being one of the figures in an eternal quadrangle. She fell in love with a man who did not respond with any real decision until he was somebody else's husband and she was somebody else's wife. The problem of what a "nice girl" can do next without hurting anybody much has been tackled before by many authors, and Miss LESLIE, who makes conventional ending and is more or less merciful to all her characters, does not contribute any brilliant solution. Her book holds interest chiefly because of its descriptions of two theatrical companies (low-class and refined), of whom *Carol* was a member. All the minor figures—the actors, the stage-hands, and particularly the high-minded *Miss Ryan*, who refers to her cast as "a trade union of souls," are introduced to us lightly and ironically. It is clear that the author is amused by them, as her readers will be, but she is not successful in her management of heroes and heroines. Indeed she parades these rather pompous puppets so clumsily that one cannot ignore the mechanism.

### The Artless Artist.

It may be because I am fond of wondering whether the funny little things young artists do are proof that genius will out, or it may be because Mr. R. H. MOTTRAM can make any subject interesting and convincing, but I thoroughly enjoyed the early part of *Dazzle* (WARD, LOCK, 7/6), which is all about an artist. He is a member of the Omissionist Group, who maintain that the more you leave out of a picture the more you get into it, and he is so innocently human that one is quite anxious lest he should get involved with the wrong girl. But as the story develops he becomes almost too artless to be true, and I am rather sorry I didn't miss the last chapter or two. They seem to suggest that the author of *The Spanish Farm* had surprisingly implicated his hero in a tangle from which only a rather too jarring dramatic happening could extricate him.

### A Provincial Aviary.

*Jenny Wren* (CAPE, 7/6) is not nearly so exciting a person as her predecessor, *Miss Mole*, that notable philosopher and wit; and I confess that I am puzzled as to the reason why she came to be chosen in the part of heroine by Miss E. H. YOUNG, whose infinite understanding of the feminine mind would have been better served, I should have thought, by more sophisticated material. But there is some good character-drawing in this book. *Jenny* and *Dahlia Rendall* live with their widowed mother in a small street in a provincial suburb, having lately moved in from the country; and they take in lodgers. Their parents had made a mixed marriage, which has left the girls torn between resentment that they are missing the life to which they are entitled by their father's birth, and remorse that they are not more sympathetic to the bluff rustic mother who is so kind to them. The class-problem is especially acute for *Jenny*, who is loved by a squire's son and also by a shop-assistant. While I admire very much the delicacy and ease of Miss YOUNG's writing, I feel it would gain greatly in effect if it were broken up a little more. In the first seven pages of this novel there are only six paragraphs.

### Sophisticated Melodrama.

*Death of Felicity Taverner* (WISHART, 7/6) reminds me of those highly-varnished shell-bedizened mirrors you can still buy at French ports, though not, I believe, at English ones. The possible utility of the object is lost in the monstrosity of its decorations. Described on the jacket as a "melodrama for the sensitive and intelligent," its scene is set in Cornwall, where a small coterie of garrulous relations are discussing a four-years-old murder—or suicide. Subsequently the victim's husband puts in an appearance to exploit his wife's estate, publish (from evidence among her papers) her

brother's illegitimacy, and write a pornographic life of the lady herself from the same apparently propitious sources. An admirably ingenious murder (during which Miss MARY BUTT so far forgets the demands of the sensitive and intelligent as to write comparatively direct English) belatedly establishes the book's claim to the honourable title of melodrama.

### A Problem in Deduction.

Mr. ELLERY QUEEN's detective-stories have invariably been noteworthy for their constructive skill and fairness, and in these respects *The Egyptian Cross Mystery* (GOLLANCZ, 7/6) deserves unqualified praise. Starting with a murder in West Virginia, Mr. QUEEN proceeds to put his readers in possession of all facts necessary to a correct solution of the crime or crimes, and then, as is his wont, challenges them to prove the identity of the murderer. It is a challenge that enthusiastic solvers of difficult problems are advised to accept, though I am constrained to confess that my powers of deduction were unequal to the task. No complaint, however, can be levelled against Mr. QUEEN for niggardliness in supplying data; indeed there are no fewer than four crimes from which clues can be gleaned. Readers of sensational fiction have no right to be squeamish, but I think that this chase would have been pleasanter to follow if the villain's methods of committing murder were a little less gruesome.

### A Flowing Pen.

*Sookey Bindon*, the young Society girl to whom Miss ALICE LINDLEY has entrusted the telling of *Mundy's Child* (PHILIP ALLAN, 7/6), was a ready writer, and the numerous letters which she addressed to her godfather are by no means lacking in revelations. While *Sookey* wrote the epistles to *Mundy* she was more or less spreading her wings in a series of visits to country-houses; and at one of these she was scared into "first-class hysterics" by the antics of some of the brightest of bright young people. From that moment my sympathies, so far not more than lukewarm, were fully enlisted on her behalf, and in the end I was convinced that she thoroughly deserved her godfather's affection. Although *Mundy's* replies to *Sookey's* bombardment are left to our imagination, his character is ingeniously suggested in her letters. And as for common-sense, I judge him to have been supreme.

### For Transatlantic Troglodytes.

"Gloucester Road Tube.—American Lady receives Paying Guests; comfortable home."—*Advt. in Daily Paper.*

"Hostesses who desire to give their dinner-party guests a surprise this week may like to add squashes to the menu—that is, if they can get them."—*Daily Paper.*

The best way is to take a leaf out of the table.



A PIG IN A POKE.

[“Fianna Fail, the official name of Mr. de Valera's party, ask five years of power in which to inaugurate his economic transformation.”—“Times” Correspondent.]